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A Cavalier of the Careless Fifties

By Opie Read

Uncle Fessenden's Bear Hunt

By Arthur E. McFarlane

The New Lobby

By Wood Norton

DRAWN BY F. V. WILSON

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A CAVALIER OF THE CARELESS FIFTIES

A Tale of a Business Deal Between Two Southern Gentlemen

BY OPIE READ

NEVER was there before nor can there ever be again the counterpart of such a civilization. Indeed, by many it was not termed a civilization but a feudalism, and by a few of the learned of the East it was called not a feudalism but a despotism. I refer to a time when the planter sat on his veranda, the morning-glories blooming about him, with pipe and julep-glass, dreamily looking out upon a distant sea of purple—a field of cotton in bloom. Leisure is the nurse of culture, but the typical old planter was no more a man of letters than the present-day coal baron is a lover of the muses.

In mind I hold a memory of the lower Arkansas River, with its crumbling banks, its broad lowlands, its heavy timber on the distant hills, and between the river and the hills the house of the planter. Built of logs, rambling with a shed here and an odd storeroom there, with broad veranda and spacious hallway, it squatted low among the trees—the rollicking place of youth, the traveler's rest, an old lord's castle. The rising curtain of history did not reveal this old lord. He came in between the second and third acts, as a tableau, to be removed before the real world could get more than a glimpse of him. He represented a short scene for a brief period and then was ruled out.

To us now it was a strange phase of life on the soil of free America. The dark tillers of his soil were as much his property as the mules that pulled the plows. To market he could draw them, stand them on a block and sell them to the highest bidder. If he desired it he could sell them to the lowest bidder. Flesh and blood were as much a commodity as corn and cotton. The abolitionists called this old fellow a heartless beast, but that was not true. A beast has no lingering sense of humor, and this old fellow was humorous. To his house came the preacher and they talked about the divine origin of slavery, and at night the preacher prayed for the souls of the slaves. The body-servant, gentlemanly, black arrayed in black, grunted Amen—and the slavery question was for the time securely settled. But even at this late day, after so much rancor, so much blood, so many years of avowed forgetfulness of the bygone, we can give but an occasional glimpse of this life. The new generation would not believe a picture. Uncle Tom is still rife in the land, treading the scar left across the country by the war, and the echo of the bloodhound is heard in the library of the learned.

What a lordly, careless life it was, led by the Arkansas River planter; how glowing the days and how soft with moonlight the bird-serenaded evening. Was not this musical sloth enough to stimulate generosity? Was not the richness of the soil, washed during high water from the Bad Lands two thousand miles away, enough to foster carelessness? The Yankee on his flinty hillside was saving money to build a factory, a railroad—at a distant day to stagger Europe with the power of his Trust. The planter was building a mortgage on his vast estate. But the most of the time this mortgage was a joke. Was it not held by a Southern merchant in New Orleans, a perfect gentleman, and as far from an Abolitionist as Charles Stewart was from Old Peter Wentworth? Then why should there be any uneasiness?

There wasn't. But sometimes, in the fall of the year, when the opened crop was billowy in the field, the merchant would fancy—a mere fancy, I assure you—that he needed his money. At the planter's woodyard a steamboat would land and off would come a meek-looking man. The planter would meet him with a cordial roar. After supper, music in the parlor, a room hung with portraits painted by nomadic Frenchmen—the handsome daughter recently graduated from Magnolia Grove would sing; then from the veranda they would watch the negroes dance in the moonlight; they would talk on every conceivable subject—the freedom of American institutions and the despotism of Russia. But not a word about mortgages or money. The next morning the planter would drive the merchant over the plantation, a darky meeting them at unexpected turns with liquor and mint; they would have noon dinner on the veranda, and then for hours they would loll in digestive doze, in the shade of the live-oak; and then, awaking about the time the sun had left a blazed trail in the distant woods the merchant would begin:

"Jim, I don't know whether *you* know it or not, but times are getting hard."

"You don't tell me."

"Yes, I do. That's what I *came* to tell you. The fact is, I've got to do something about that mortgage. Friendship is all right, you know, but business is——"

"Yes, that's right, John."

"And if the worst comes to the worst I'll have to sell you out."

"Yes, and that's what has been grieving me nearly to death for so long a time. I don't think I have slept more than half a night for a year. Let's see, you were here about a year ago, wa'n't you?"

"Yes, just a year ago, Jim; and I told you then that I had to have money, but before I left you borrowed an additional thousand dollars of me."

"I recollect," says the planter. "It rained the night before and we were needing rain. And by the way, we are needing rain now. That bottom over yonder—as good buckshot land as a crow ever flew over—ought to make at least two bales to the acre, and it will if we have rain. By the way, what has become of Old Darb Sevier?"

"I see him around the city once in a while."

"He could beat any man I ever saw prophesying rain. And he could take the forked limb of a peach tree and locate a well—do it nine times out of ten—located that one out there. Here, Sam," he yells at a negro boy, "bring us some water from that well. Can't be beat." And when the water is brought he holds the tumbler up to the light, and upon the purity of water in general and on this water in particular he delivers a lecture.

"Yes, sir," says the hard-hearted merchant, "times are tight. And if I don't raise money at once I'm ruined."

"The whole world is going wrong," declares the planter. "And I think it comes from them speeches made by the Abolitionists."

"Cotton is low in Liverpool, Jim. That is one of the causes." A silence falls; the air is still; from afar comes the cry of the horned owl. Bull-bats bellow high in the dusky air and away off on the hillside a negro sings a melancholy song—calling on the Lord to send the chariot to take him home.

"When must you have the money, John?"

"I must take it back with me to-morrow."

"You shall have it in the morning."

"I thank you, Jim."

"Not at all. You know I wouldn't see an old friend suffer."

Until a late hour they sit in the soft air, telling stories; and then, when the noises along the river have died away one by one, they go to bed, these business men.

At ten o'clock the next forenoon the boat is to land on her way down the river and the planter and his guest are early astir. Breakfast by candle-light, and then comes a conference out in the little office at the corner of the yard. For a time the two men sit in silence, the planter drumming on his dingy old desk. "John," he says, "you knew when you came that you'd get your money."

"I thought so, Jim, or I wouldn't have come."

"Exactly. You know the amount I owe you is as good as any gold ever dug out of the earth. But I am tight run at present, and the fact is I must raise a thousand dollars myself right now. Wait a minute, John. There are times when a man needs money and then again there are times when he's *got* to have it. This is one of the "got-to" times. It's no case of gambling or buying another nigger, it is——"

"A thousand dollars! Gracious alive! I couldn't let you have it to save my life."

"I know you can't, John, but let me tell you. You are a man of family and I must appeal to you. If you were lacking in sensibilities or family I should suffer and say nothing—suffer the disgrace that must come if I don't get the thousand."

"Jim, I came after money and I can't let you have a cent."

"I tell you it is not for a common or a sordid purpose. Now listen to me: The annual ball at the St. Charles this fall is to be the grandest for years. It is to set the social pace and fix the status of every family along the river. The tickets are one thousand dollars a family. John, would you shut my wife and daughters out of that ball? Would you listen to them mourning out in the wilderness? I appeal to you—they appeal to you. You've got your check-book with you and here's pen and ink. That's it—just a thousand, no more."

The merchant writes the check. The planter goes with him to the landing and wrings his hand a good-by as he steps upon the gangplank.

That mortgage was standing when Lee surrendered. It was one of the inheritances that fell to a young fellow when, ragged, he returned from the war.

Was there ever such a life as that, away back there on the murky river? William's Baron knocked the Saxon on the head and put him under the yoke, but that he might better manage his new estate he married the Saxon's daughter. He did not claim the Saxon's soul, nor could he in the market-place sell for all time the Saxon's body. Then, compared with the planter, he was not an absolute master. I recall a story told of the owner of buckshot land. He was on a boat, coming from New Orleans. He had sold his cotton and had paid a part of the interest on his mortgage. At the bow of the slow old steamer the negroes were singing a weird song, improvised, drawn from the melancholy mysteries of the night. Along the shore the traveler's red-eyed campfire peered through the dark. In the cabin there was the music of mellow strings, the gleam of jewels and the wavelet-like swish of silk—a ball. But for these the planter had not an eye nor an ear. He was in a poker game. From the first he began to lose. Near him stood his faithful body-servant, black as the night lying low along the banks. The hour grew late, the fiddles were tired, the dance hall deserted.

"Well," remarked the planter as he bought another stack of chips, "there goes my cotton crop. I reckon you have heard of the planter that lost five black niggers—at this table, probably." After a while he called out: "What, all my blacks gone? Well, I've got three mulattoes. Here, give me a stack of yellows." He lost a big pot. The darky behind him coughed. "Dan," said the planter, "stand farther away. You queer me." The negro walked away and stood like an ebon statue. Another pot was lost. The planter leaned over and whispered to a man on the opposite side of the table. The man looked at Black Dan and nodded. The game went on. The planter shoved back his chair. Presently he arose, when the deal went on and no card fell in front of him—arose and went to Dan.

"Marster, I'se sorry de kyards has run ag'in you so hard."

"I've let them ruin me, Dan."

"Yas, sah, but we kin work an' make it up."

"Yes, if I had *you* to help me, Dan."

"But ain't I heah, Marster?"

"Yes, Dan, but not for me. I've lost you. That big man with the whiskers is your master now."

"De Lawd deliber me. Wait a minit, Mars Jim. Will twenty dollars do you any good? I has sabed up dat much. Yere it is." He handed to the planter a twenty-dollar gold-piece. "Do whut you kin wid it."

"I have come back for one more show-down," said the planter, returning to the game. He sat down. The cards came his way—he began to win. And when the sun arose, when the boat landed at the woodyard, the old man and the faithful Dan went ashore arm in arm. He had been won back and the crop of cotton had been saved. It was a Sunday, and afterward he remarked that never had he so thoroughly enjoyed a sermon as the one delivered on that occasion by the neighborhood preacher. The text was that famous bracer of slavery—"Abraham had servants that he bought with his money."

This man believed that he was religious. And in his way he was. He was a believer in the divine right to inherit whatever his father left to him. Into the world he had not come to overturn institutions. Virginia, his temple of godliness, had abolished the slave trade before it had been by statute frowned on in New England, and that was enough for him.

This old fellow's habits were not dissolute. He had a few occasional customs that the Puritans would not have passed without censure, but he was not a tavern brawler nor would he permit his Northern overseer to rawhide a darky on Sunday. Once he had a fight with the preacher—gave and received a bloody nose, and when reproached by his wife he ably defended himself. "Yes, I hit him," said he, "but you haven't heard me say anything about cutting down his salary."

In "the city"—which meant New Orleans—he was a favorite. At the old St. Charles he was always given a bed with a pair of clean sheets, but it is a question whether or not he knew when he went to bed, if he did go, that there were any sheets at all, or even any bed. He held in contempt the French manner of dueling. "If you meet me under the Oaks," he once remarked, "you'll meet me with a double-barreled gun. I don't want to be picked at with a long darning-needle. When men fight duels they ought to mean business. I am a business man." From the proprietor of the hotel he nearly always borrowed money enough to see him home unless it were cotton-selling time, and then he usually had enough of his own to see him almost there. Nearly all of his distresses were humorous. As a general thing he had half a dozen sons-in-law living with him. The majority of them were doctors. I recall one of them. He was a showy fellow and had married the flower of the flock. He attended the negroes on the plantation. One day the planter said to him: "Doctor, I like you. But you are too expensive for me. Understand, you married my favorite daughter and that I like to indulge your whims but they cost too much. You are killing too many of my niggers. I don't want to cut you down, but if it's just the same to you, go off on a vacation and let some of them get well."

To him there had been two Presidents of the United States—Washington and Jackson. But Washington lived far back in the past and was almost a sainted myth, while the echo of Old Hickory's voice was still rumbling among the hills and in the hollows of political life. Fate, in the dark gown of her authority, writing the destiny of nations, had never scrolled another name with such a bearing down of the pen. There were able statesmen, but never on earth could there be another supreme intellect. To him it was always a delight to tell that old story, now a classic. Shortly after Jackson's death two of his slaves were working in the field. One of them remarked: "Wall, Abe, ol' Marster's gone."

"Yep, dun lef' us."

"Abe, you reckon he went ter heaben?"

"Wall, ef he wanted ter go I doan know who gwine keep him out."

This story was known up and down the river, but when a stranger told it he was welcome to a month's board.

This old man loved Walter Scott but he hated Dickens. Scott taught him all the English history he cared to know, made him gallant and induced him to cut crenellations on the square board tower of his carriage-house. Dickens criticised America and the old planter was America. The rest of the population were Yankees.

As absurd as it may seem, this owner of slaves held in abhorrence the professional negro trader. In New Orleans there was a great slave-market, and it is said that standing here was once a tall youth, gazing in horror at the traffic in human beings. From that moment he became an emancipationist. The years passed; a cloud hung over the land. He signed a proclamation that set the negroes free.

No, this lordly leisure did not stimulate literature, but it fostered something as old as Attic poetry—forensic oratory. With the brightest book in his hand the planter might doze off to sleep, but under the spell of even an ordinary speech his soul arose exultant. He did not want statistics, but fire. Oratory must imitate the cry of the hounds. His gospel was physical courage. A man who was not willing to die for what he believed to be true was not worthy to live. To call him a liar meant death. Only on one occasion do I recall a backsliding from this moral obligation. On the court-house square the planter was engaged in sharp words with a man not celebrated for his nerve. The bystanders knew that there was to be trouble. It was observed that the countenance of an undertaker, looking on, lighted up with a smile. Finally the man called the planter a liar. There was a cry of "Look out!" But no pistol, no knife was drawn. The planter walked off. The people were astounded. Surely the planter had not understood the word. Some one went to him: "Do you realize the fact that he called you a liar?"

"Yes, I understood him perfectly."

"And you ain't going to kill him?"

"No."

"May I ask why?"

"Because I *am* a liar."

But the next man who tried it was carried away on a shutter.

In most ways the old fellow was lovable. He would borrow money but he was quick to lend. To woman he bowed low. Once when he bowed lower than usual he turned to a friend and remarked: "I owe her husband." For trade he had a contempt. He used to say, "A gentleman can't buy and sell—unless it's cotton." He had more respect for a pauper lawyer than for a rich grocer. He held that the real gentleman made his living by land or by intellect.

He has passed, nor could the combined statesmanship of the world nor the armies of the great powers devise a means by which any one might take his place. In a country that gave to mankind a Lincoln, he was a Czar.

The New Lobby and the Old

We do the Thing Differently Now and it Has a Different Name, but the Results are as Satisfactory as Ever

By WOOD NORTON

HE WAS AT HIS BEST AT TABLE

THE King of the Lobby now wears a pewter crown. Indeed, the dynasty ran to seed when the latest monarch died suddenly eighteen months ago. Since then there has been no claimant for the throne. The profession is in sad case. Lobbying, in these days, is a poor game. It has come to be a feverish chase after ten-dollar bills. And if ten-dollar bills fly high, no lobbyist is too haughty to search the coverts for scattering ones and twos.

Terrapin and burgundy, canvasbacks and champagne are not now the fare of the lobbyist, or, more strictly, the professional lobbyist. He is lucky to get a bottle of beer and a cheese sandwich. Beautiful women no longer entice statesmen from the stern path of duty to the support of measures that need help. Money is scarce. Times are hard. The curse of commercialism is over it all.

Business in politics has changed sleek and prosperous men, who stood, bediamonded, in hotel corridors, to gaunt and hungry hangers-on.

Twenty years ago a lobbyist was supposed to have money in every pocket, and generally had. He was a part of the game of government as played at Washington. He had intimate relations with many of the leaders of the Senate and House. He was so numerous in the corridors of the Capitol that the casual visitor bumped into him at every turn. His methods never varied. He had a bill—always carrying an appropriation—that needed making into law. He saw this man and that, wined them and dined them, told them good stories and arranged the division of the spoils. He worked a sort of a double bluff. That is, he persuaded the person who employed him that his influence with Congress was great, and he persuaded the members of Congress that he could do extraordinary things for them. The type-true lobbyist of the old days could have started from the Capitol with a basket of gold bricks and sold them all on Pennsylvania Avenue before he reached the Treasury. He might have sold a few there, too, but that is a detail. He knew where and how to order a dinner. He was at his best at table. He spent his promotion money lavishly. Usually, he won. His bill was passed and he collected his fee, if he hadn't taken it in advance, as most thrifty lobbyists did. Sometimes the most skillful promotions failed. It was always well to get the money first, unless it was a contingent fee. Even then there were "expenses." That accidents will happen was the basic principle of lobbying, and is to-day.

But now—now, lobbying is as commercial as selling soap!

When the student of government has occasion to despair of the Republic, as is frequently the case, somewhere in the course of his tale of woe he takes a crack at the lobby. That is well enough, for the lobby is not a highly moral institution at any stage. Still, the average student of government is generally a decade or two behind the times and he suffers a common fault in that he is not able to define his terms. His lobby is always complicated with sinuous sirens who lure innocent statesmen to the support of iniquitous measures. He pictures well-dressed men passing out thousand-dollar bills as freely as if they picked them from the trees. He speaks of feasts that make the efforts of Lucullus look like the sandwich counter in a dairy lunch.

We all listen and shudder. So much has been written and spoken on those lines that nearly every mature American has just that idea of the lobby. That is one subject on which the average mind of the country is agreed. Twenty or thirty years ago there was some truth in it. To-day, not a bit.

Sinuous sirens went out of the legislator-luring business years ago. If a professional lobbyist were discovered in the Capitol with a thousand-dollar bill he would be arrested on the spot and held while the Chief of Police telegraphed wildly about the country to find what bank had been robbed. As for those feasts of Lucullus—take a peep at Gerstenberg's while the fifteen-cent bill is on.

The Trail of the Trust Over All

IT MUST not be thought there is no lobbying now. More legislation is "influenced" at present than ever before in the history of the Government. But it is a different kind of lobbying. The methods are in keeping with the times. They have been centralized, commercialized, put on a business basis. Where a dozen lobbyists worked before, now one man does it all. Also, the gentlemen who do the lobbying now would be indignant if they were called lobbyists. They "represent interests." That is a nice, polite way of putting it, calculated to hurt the feelings of none.

For instance, it has been the custom of the big railroads for years to have men in Washington who looked out for them, gave forewarnings of legislation likely to hurt and helped to kill bills that were not desirable as well as to promote bills that were desirable. This was changed last winter. Many of the big railroads clubbed together, hired one capable man, took a suite of rooms at one of the best hotels in Washington and put all their affairs into his hands. He lobbied for everybody, while the former representatives of the railroads stood hungrily outside the door and cursed the Lobby Trust.

This is merely the application of the policy of suppression of the individual. In the old days each good lobbyist had his string of interests. He watched the whole scheme of legislation for them and collected large sums for his work. Some genius, with his wits sharpened by the merger mania of the present day, proposed the plan of the Lobby Trust. The idea met with instant approval. It had been tried in a small way for several sessions. Last winter the plan was perfected. The professional lobbyist went the way of the small tradesman.

—SINUOUS SIRENS WHO LURE INNOCENT STATESMEN TO THE SUPPORT OF INIQUITOUS MEASURES

The professionals have been compelled to resort to all sorts of tricks to get money. Their once proud calling has degenerated to the level of petty larceny. It is as sordid as stealing doormats. They must live by their wits. They must resort to every expedient to get a few dollars. They are outcasts. No decent man would be seen talking to them.

They hang about the Capitol and the corridors of the hotels to catch the unwary. There is always a number of individuals who have claims they want pushed through Congress or schemes for which they wish appropriations. These people are the prey of the professionals. They are innocent of the real situation. They think they must have "influence." The professionals tell tales of how close they are to Senator So-and-So or to Representative Such-and-Such, chairman of the This-and-Thus Committee. They carry lists of names of the principal newspaper correspondents and say these correspondents will "boost" any scheme at their request. "My relations with these correspondents are exact," is a favorite way of putting it. "Congress heeds what the newspapers say. I can get your scheme noticed in all the big newspapers of the country."

There isn't a Washington correspondent for an influential newspaper who isn't sold out twenty times a year by men he would knock into the gutter if they dared speak to him, to say nothing of what he would do to them if they tried to come into his office or ventured to ask him to print any story for which they stood sponsors. There isn't a leading Senator or Representative whose name is not bartered time and again by these thieves on the ground of supposed intimate relations.

One story will illustrate. There is a particularly slimy and offensive lobbyist in Washington who was formerly prosperous because of his ability to worm favors out of legislators. He went to the wall long ago, because he is a liar and really never had any influence. He now makes a precarious living in the way just described. Last winter two men came to Washington from Missouri. They had a claim. It was a just claim and should have been paid long before. They were of the opinion that certain Senators must be "influenced." They fell into the hands of this man.

"We want to get this claim included in an appropriation bill," the Missouri men told the lobbyist.

He listened gravely. When he had all the facts he told the Missouri men he could fix it in no time. "Come to the Capitol with me and I'll have it over before noon," he said.

They went to the Capitol. He steered them over to the Senate side and stopped in front of the committee room of the Senator who had in charge the appropriation bill in which the Missouri men were interested.

"Now, you just wait here," he said, "and I'll go in and fix it with the Senator."

A man who knew something of the methods of this particular professional was talking to the Senator when the lobbyist came in. He reports this conversation:

"Good-morning, Senator."

"What do you want in my office, you dash dashed thief?"

"Why, Senator ——"

"You get out of here and get out quick or I'll throw you out. I've told you never to come into this room and I meant it. Get out, now, and be in a hurry about it."

"All right, Senator, all right; no offense, Senator——" and the door closed behind him.

The man who was talking to the Senator went outside. The two Missouri men were waiting. The lobbyist went up to them jubilantly. "It's all right," he said, "all right. I fixed it with the Senator. He'll do it."

The two Missouri men handed "him" a little roll of bills for "expenses" and went home. They are probably wondering yet why their item was not in the Senator's appropriation bill.

That is the way they live. They are small confidence men, trading on the gullibility of strangers. They cross the street when they see a man coming who knows the ins and outs of the Capital.

What a shocking descent from the days when lobbying was done across the table at Chamberlain's and Wormley's, to the accompaniment of ducks and drink and stories that kept the room in a roar!

The Palmy Days of the Old School

SOME of the old fellows were lavish in their expenditures. They got their money back, with interest, of course, but they scattered it like drunken sailors. The stories told of the dinners given to men who controlled legislation sound like tales of feasts prepared by hosts worried to find a way to spend their money. One of the best known of the later lobbyists hit upon a unique plan. He built a hotel for the use of his friends. When he put the furniture in he established certain rooms which he named after his dearest chums. These rooms stand to-day as he left them. They are worth visiting as examples of the real, old-time lobby idea. As delicate compliments to the men for whom the rooms were named, the proprietor had the pictures of his friends put everywhere. In the Senator Blank room the smiling face of the Senator was found on the washbowl and on every bit of crockery in the room down to the cuspidor. The designs were especially made for the genial proprietor. The headboard and the footboard of the bed, the washstand, the bureau, the chairs, the table and all the rest of the furniture carried the picture of this Senator, burned into the wood, or inlaid or painted on and lacquered. When Senator Blank retired he found himself looking forty times into his own picture, excellently done. It was even woven into the lace curtains. They had their board at low rates, and this, with the pictorial display, made them duly grateful.

The old lobbyist figured it would be a stony-hearted statesman indeed who could withstand the eloquent pleading of his own picture on the toothmug, the chiffonier, the washbowl and the Morris chair.

How the Screws Are Put On

THERE will always be a certain amount of lobbying done by men who have claims to push through or who want certain laws made or amended. These are individuals who have personal interests and who work for nothing else. Similarly, also, Members of Congress sometimes accept retainers from persons they are expected to represent, and do such work as is required. This comes under the head of "legal services" in most instances. It is against the law for a Member of Congress to accept any consideration whatever for the purpose of expediting any measure before the Congress. Congressional consciences are sometimes not so tender as they might be. A lawyer can do many things, especially if he is a lawyer who is a Member of Congress, and most Members of Congress are lawyers.

This must not be construed to mean that the Congress is radically dishonest. The reverse is true. In any large body of men there are bound to be a few rascals. The ordinary Member would kick out of his office a man who approached him with a direct offer of money. There are ways to get around that, for the men who want favors from Congress know that nearly every man in public life will do things for "party" that he would in no circumstances do for money.

Proceeding on this theory, the lobby of the present day works from two ends. It uses "party" as a lever, and it concentrates its interests to the exclusion of the men who formerly worked from the personal-contact viewpoint. The old plan of lobbying had but one tenet. That was to get men personally. The high-class lobbyist was the same sort of a man the high-class promoter is to-day. He could talk. Talk isn't of so much consequence now. Power counts. The motto is: Put on the screws.

This is the way it is worked: A corporation is interested in some legislation, say an amendment to an anti-trust law that will remove some drastic feature, or an appropriation for a big proposition that will be of use to the corporation. The head of that corporation says he will contribute so much money to the campaign fund if certain results are brought about in Congress or in a Legislature. The word is passed along that this measure is "all right." The "boys" fall in line. They vote as they are told; and if the results are right, the money is collected.

This eliminates the Member of Congress as a personal equation. His vote isn't worth a dollar, singly, unless he can manœuvre it so that it will decide some question in committee. A bigger proposition simply enlarges the scope of the plan. The National boss does the work instead of the State boss. Either way the individual Member of Congress gets little out of it except the much-prized reputation for being "regular."

On the propositions that cannot be worked in this way the concentration-of-interest plan is used. When the time comes for the earnest, fetching work, the real lobbyist of the present day drops in. He isn't an employee. He is the employer. He is a president or a general manager or a general attorney. He doesn't waste his time with small fry. He goes for the big fish. He sees a powerful man here and a powerful man there. Sometimes he sees the most powerful man of all. He tells what he wants and goes out of town as quietly as he came.

Thus, though the results are the same, a high grade of respectability has been imparted to the profession. It would be preposterous to call a railroad president a lobbyist. It would be revolutionary. He goes to Washington to "conserve his interests."

The poor devil of a professional lobbyist who has to lie and cheat and steal to get a ten-dollar bill is tearfully against the new order. Everybody else seems to be for it.

We must be respectable.

Uncle Fessenden's Bear Hunt

The Story of a Man Who Was Afraid to be Afraid

By Arthur E. McFarlane

"AND A MOST DESP'RIT LOOKIN' OBJECT HE WAS, TOO!"

THAT June day the Algoma bass had been fighting with peculiar ferocity, and we reported the same to old Matt McCutcheon, the proprietor of The Forks, when we got back for supper.

"They ain't no cowards at any time," he said. And thereafter, under the great, sleepy, yellow lantern of the midsummer moon, upon courage and cowardice and all the curious country which lies between, did the conversation run. It was not in the nature of our grizzled philosopher to let a subject float long in the realms of theory. This time he brought it down to solid ground with the story of Uncle Fessenden and his bear-hunting.

"That come about through the copper strikes made over Lost Creek way in 1894," he said. "The summer before, a young minin' syndicate man, George T. Kendrick of Duluth, had been up here after 'lunge. And on toward the end of March of that next spring, when the copper talk had begun to grow big, he wired me that him and some half a dozen more were comin' on to New Ontario to look around, and they'd like to put up with me. I wired him back to come ahead. And at noon of the followin' Sunday they were climbin' off at the Junction.

"They hadn't hit the platform before they were all shoutin' after McHasket—John T., you know. It seemed that that big Chicago pusher was at the head of them, and he should have reached here first by way of the 'Soo.' As it was, they'd have to sit down and wait till he did show up.

"But what concerned me was that one of them—Uncle Fessenden, they called him (he was Southern-bred, though he'd got into business North)—had brought his daughter along. She was a girl that looked straight at you, shook hands like a man, and—for all she kep' close to her dad—seemed more'n capable of takin' care of herself. And the old man introduced her with an amount of pride that just shone and beamed out of him.

"Yet I suppose he saw that me and the wife thought it queer, his bringin' the girl up here with a lot of men. For that night after supper, when I started out to the barn, he cut out after me. Slidin' a handful of cigars into my pocket, he gripped holt of my arm and—'Misteh McCutcheon,' he says (I'll try to give you his lingo the best I can), 'Misteh McCutcheon, I see I'm a-goin' to have to talk to you! I see you got entirely wrong ideas about that gu'l of mine. Now, seh, I'm not the kyind of man that brags about his offsp'ing—(and if Bob—sho't for Roberta, o' co'se—were anybody *but* Bob, I'd neveh think of bringin' heh along this-a-way); nor I'm not a-goin' to commit the vulga'ity of talkin' heh up *now*. But jest to reassuh you, Misteh McCutcheon, I'll tell you only this, that my gu'l, seh, is one that theh ain't no double foh in No'th America! Misteh McCutcheon, let me jest illust'ate that now——'

"It was March, but that evenin' was mild as May. We were both about of an age, which, when fifty's past, makes men kin more'n anything else, I reckon. And for the next hour he walked me up an' down under them winkin' spring stars, and just opened himself up and flowed over about that Bob of his.

"After that, too, I couldn't help watchin' the pair of them when they were together. They say most men's consciences are in the keepin' of some woman or other, but with Fessenden, his whole *mind* and *soul* seemed to be in the keepin' of that girl. Not that there was any sickish lovy-muggin' between them, though. When McHasket hadn't showed up by ten next mornin' they struck off up the loggin' road, and tramped clean over to Brightman's Landing. The last I saw of them the old boy was tryin' his hardest to throw Miss Bob out of step. And when they come back, at the Lower Falls they started in on a yard-long dinner war-cry that they must have been practicin' up for the last half-hour.

"Then after dinner they got to work together at Fessenden's mail. 'Like father and son?' Well, better say like two *partners*, by the way they sized up and settled things between them. There were some letters, too, for the girl herself, most of them appearin' to be from a lot of little gaffers that couldn't write or spell much better than I can. And they had more fun studyin' them out and sendin' back proper answers than I've seen up here in a whole season, sometimes.

"After supper again, when we gathered 'round the melodeon, Fessenden spoke up and said that 'beloh the othehs got in ahead and spoiled the entertainment, he an' Bob would just sing an evenin' hymn.' And they stood up there, holdin' to each other's hands like two first-book scholars goin' to speak a piece, and sung the darndest lot of whiggamaree! I've forgot the most of it, but one verse went somethin' like this:

> "'The cat and dog, they had a fight,
> They fit all day, they fit all night;
> And in the mornin' they were seen
> Served up in the same tureen.'

"There was a good twenty verses altogether, with a sort of bag-pipin' drone-and-ki-yi chorus after every one. They went through it solemner than owls, but I'll swear they enjoyed it even more than we did.

"And later, when the girl had gone to her room, Fessenden took hold of me and made me come out an' walk an' smoke with him again. He just had to talk about her some more—nothin' else for it!

"'Yes, seh,' he said, 'great gu'l, Bob—*great* gu'l! Let me illust'ate now. Most gu'ls ah etunally bothe'in' theah old men—and theah mothehs when they ah fo'tunate enough to have them—foh fo'ty things they hadn't in any reason ought to have. Well, seh, I can say to yoh that in all heh life, Bob has neveh yet asked me foh anything I didn't see she'd ought to 'a' had *long befoh!* Yes, seh, that's a fact, it is so! And, Lawd, the way she'll bring a man out! Let me illust'ate. Take this wo'kin' in the slums. Now, theh was somethin' I'd neveh had any use foh, neveh any use at all. But a yeah o' two back Bob went in foh it, and o' co'se I had to follow along now an' again jest to keep an eye on heh. Well, seh, if you'll believe me, I was jest about no time findin' out that that wo'k is pretty nigh the finest thing in the wo'ld! And eveh sence then, about once a week, I've had that Chicago house of mine jest swa'med oveh with young ones. And as foh picnics and ba'ge pahties on the Lake! And, Misteh McCutcheon, yoh ought to see the way that gu'l can handle them! Yoh'd say it was wo'th yoh goin' along only to watch heh!'

"I said I didn't wonder that *he* went along, anyway.

"'Yes, seh—yes, seh, ain't no wondeh about *that*, I reckon! But all the same, *theh's* jest wheh it *is*, now. I'm jest scahed that I tag afteh heh a lot too much. I sh'd say that old Bob gets pretty ti'ed sometimes, findin' that she can't get into a new game 'ithout me comin' around foh chips, too. I want to do the right thing by that gu'l, but if I had jest a little natu'al conside'ation, I reckon I wouldn't make heh feel that instead of a pa'ent she'd been dealt out a bunch of cockle-burs. I reckon, though, she says to hehself: 'Well, one of these days I'll be marryin' off an' be free, an' I betteh stan' foh it a leetle while longeh, anyway.'

"'Mr. Fessenden,' I said, 'I don't know anything about your girl more than I've seen and you've told me, but I'm just willin' to bet all my earthly goods that when you try pryin' her away from you into any marryin' business, you'll have your hands right full!'

"He let go of my arm and turned square around and looked at me. 'Misteh McCutcheon, do yoh think that? Do yoh believe she's as stone blind to the soht of old man she's a-holdin' to as—as—well—well I reckon we'll smoke on that, Misteh McCutcheon.' And then, after gettin' clean down to the river without speakin' a word—'But, Lawd, now,' he comes out again at last—'don't it make a man feel so kyind of d—n small an' mean, as if he was takin' advantage of the gu'l's igno'ance, that-a-way, you know. Somehow I'm always a-feelin' that sooneh o' lateh she's goin' to *find me out!* And, by Jupiteh, I've jest got to keep buckin' right up an' playin' the game—o' she sho' *will!*'

"Well, next day went by and still no McHasket. Nor wirin' couldn't locate him, neither. There wasn't much for the crowd to do but hold on and wait some more. But the young fellers were gettin' restless; and that night, havin' an idea, I asked them how'd they like to put in part of the time doin' a little bear-huntin'?

"'Bear-huntin'? No? No joshin' now! Where could we find any bear hereabouts? And who had any guns, besides?'

"I told them I had a pretty good-sized rack full of weapons of offense. And as for the bear, though the most of them would be in house yet, we might be able to prod one out somewhere within a day's footin'. (To tell the truth, I'd trapped thirteen the year before!)

"So I got out my battery, which, between one thing and another, more'n went 'round. And while them boys were still pretty skeptical, you could see their eyes gettin' the sportin' glitter into 'em; and they talked every kind of bear from Polar to cinnamon.

"Fessenden, he joined in it, too. But he was lookin' sort o' troubled, and he turned to his girl. 'I reckon, now, Bob,' he said, 'you won't want to take a paht in this, will you?'

"Would she want to? There was nothin' on earth Miss Bob wanted to do more! With that woman's hopeless and most ongrounded confidence in man as a protector—partic'larly when there's seven or eight of him together and all carryin' guns—she was just jumpin' an' on springs to go!

"'All right, daughteh,' he said, 'if that's the way you feel about it. And, o' co'se, I wouldn't 'a' liked missin' it myself.'

"I had that Injun, Charlie Duck, come over an' bring his dogs to do the beatin' out for us, and we got away early next mornin'. It had been seasonable that week, as I said—just about the weather that makes a country boy kick off his boots and get out on the warm stones bar'foot again. And although all the bottoms were still streaky with the dirty leavin's of the big drifts, up on the rocks it was hot *enough*.

"A good many people seem to think that bear live principally on meat, wood varmints, an' pig an' sheep—or sassy children, if they're easy got at. But I doubt if any of the bear I've had to do with ever tasted meat—except frogs an' toads—more'n twice a year. When they come out first they're as fat as their undercoat is thick—and that's reg'lar merino—so they can get along all right on roots an' yarbs an' young willow buds till strawberry time. After that, with them it's a case of 'fruit in season.' But for the most part they hold to raspberries an' huckleberries; and they house near them in the winter. Just now, it was toward the burnt-lands huckleberry country that we were headin'.

"Charlie Duck led with the dogs, and the rest of us piked it along together behind. Everybody was chaffin' and yarnin', and I had to do my part of it, too. I told them we had bears up here so fierce and rampageous that when they couldn't find anything else to claw and slash they'd fly at a tree and tear off big chunks of the bark an' wood. I take it

that *some* of the crowd must have been on the inside of that joke, but whether they were or not, they all kept close as clams.

"And sure enough, before the end of that first mornin' I was able to show them a young spruce that for six foot up looked as if it had been standin' off a gang of rip-saws! (I don't need to tell you two that a bear gets a tree into that shape by usin' it as a cat does a table-leg or a dog a stick—as somethin' to play with an' stretch to and try his stren'th on.)

"But when I looked from that spruce over to Fessenden he was starin' at it and workin' to get a smile on to his face. But beneath it there was a look—well, it was a look I'd seen before, and therefore knowed the meanin' of. But even so, I couldn't seem to take the word of sight an' senses. 'Thunderation!' I thought, 'surely to Heaven he isn't—Great Grapnels!—I ain't goin' to be told that he's——?' I could only rub my forehead and pick up my Winchester and start the crowd on again.

"And next day I had all the proof that I wanted—or darn me, that I didn't want! For up on the 'skinned pine' stretch, near the Old Shanties, the dogs turned us out our first bear.

"He was keepin' under a pile of charred bresh and logs, and appeared to 'a' just woke up. For when he showed hisself he give his eyes a wipe and then shoved snuffin' out, heavy as a pig from a pen. He hadn't more'n freed his hindquarters before he was bein' filled so full of lead that you might almost 'a' said that he went down from the weight of it. But in the middle of the shootin' I looked at Fessenden. His face was green-gray, his mouth a-twistin', and his eyes wide open but all drawn down to points. Yet what he seemed most afraid of was that his girl might see him. He was glancin' her way every other second. But by good fortune she was like the boys—she had eyes only for that bear.

"Well, he did manage to hold himself there, but it was well the thing was so soon over, for I doubt if he could 'a' done it if the brute had got the chance to make one raid. And on the way home it was pitiful enough to hear him makin' little leads to see if 'Bob' had noticed anything. She hadn't, and he could gradually draw his breath easier again. But, my Lord, he was so shamed and humbled in spirit! I don't believe he got his lips dry for hours afterward.

"I didn't know how to think of it then, and I'm not goin' to stop to do any sermonizin' on it now. It's enough to say that most likely all of them young fellers had been huntin' every year since they could carry weapons, while it was easy to see that Fessenden, far from havin' that master feelin' which only the use of guns can give a man, had probably never fired a shot outside of a shootin'-gallery in his life. If it had been somethin' his life had got him accustomed to, if it had been matter of seein' half his fortune torn off with a ticker ribbon, I ain't got no doubt how he'd 'a' stood for that. He'd have made a medicine face and then taken it a-chucklin', so long as 'Bob' didn't care. . . .

"But at supper he'd begun to get the stiffenin' back into him again. And didn't he start complainin' to the boys that 'they'd been a lot too quick with theih guns, that they hadn't let him have time to get in a shot at all, and it was his right to take the next beah—yes, seh, and he jest wanted them to remembeh that!' Consarn his crazy hide, anyway—and there *I*'d been battin' my brains to think of some way of keepin' him at home through the rest of it! And he waved me about forty mile out of all argument when I ventured half to suggest it. 'If yoh could keep this foolish gu'l o' mine out o' hahm's way,' he said, 'I'd be etunally obliged to yoh, seh. But as foh myself, as I've been tellin' the boys, heah, theh's one of yoh' Algoma beahs due *me*, too!'

"As for Miss Bob, well, considerin' that she was as good on her feet and as hot on the huntin' as the best of the crowd, the chance of keepin' *her* at home was about none in ten thousand!

"All the same, though, I made up my mind that I wa'n't goin' to let her old man betray hisself, no matter if he took all the pains in the world to do it. When we started out next mornin' I made him strap that .44 of mine to his belt; I said it might help him to get his shot. And then, in his hearin', I proceeded to libel and slander Algoma bears the best I knew. I put it in the shape of an apology for the unsportsmanlike way that first one had acted; and I said that, far from bein' hard to kill, I'd known 'bullets' made of sharpened hickory shoots to do the trick—which was the truth, too. More'n that, I told them, just at this partic'lar time of year they're so sleepy that they'd rather be put out o' business where they stand blinkin' than move theirselves and make a fight of it; and if that *wa'n't* the truth, it was somethin' I thought considerably *better* for that occasion. Take it all together, I give our bears a repitation for general laziness, funkin' an' fifth-rate fightin' ability that they must be savin' up again' me yet, if any of them overheard it.

UNCLE FESSENDEN

"But them boys, they wouldn't talk my way at all. As they tramped it alongside of us they joshed right ahead on the opposite tack. George Kendrick said that he'd heard that a West Superior man once had a fight with a Lost Creek bear, and although he did finish it in the end, the experience scared him so bad that his hair didn't only turn snow-white but it all fell right out. He *was* bound to say that before it was too late he got some of the grease from the brute and rubbed it on, and it all growed in again in a minute and twenty-eight seconds. But that grease was so fierce an' strong his hair kep' on growin' so fast that—his knife havin' been broke in the fight—he had to plait it for dear life so as it wouldn't bush him right in, which left him in about as bad a box as he had been in in the beginnin'.

"And then a young Dayton Jennings, from Milwaukee, he remembered hearin' about a pair of bears up here that was reg'lar demons, too. When it would come spring with them, they used to make for the nearest old sawmill, and gettin' hold of the grindstone would take turns at the handle till they'd got a razor edge on their teeth an' claws, and then they'd pitch in and clean out the whole county.

"Another of them, a Chicagoan, he said that *them* were only 'isolated cases.' Now he knew something that he could honestly say was true of *all* the bears up here—except maybe the one we'd killed—and that was that just about now, or in the end of March, when they find theirselves kind of [illegible] out of scrappin' form, they sally out of their holes [illegible] a big chew of Injun turnip. And it bein' so [illegible] blisters all over their insides and gets up the [illegible] so boilin' hostile that it's as much as a man's life's worth to get to windward of one of them!

"And them fool yarns had their effect on old Fessenden, for all he joined in every laugh that followed them. In spite of all I'd said, too, whenever we'd come to any sign of bear, whether it was a clawed tree, or an old 'house,' or one of them tunnels they'll make through the bushes—I'd see that same look greenin' up his face again. Yet I knowed well enough it wasn't anything he could *reason* himself out of. You try to hold a horse within smell of one of the brutes. And 'physical terror,' as you've called it, is mighty little more under the control of a man's brain an' sense.

"Well, just because the old boy did feel that way about it, there he had to keep urgin' on the huntin' even after the others were gettin' enough of it. For all day Thursday and Friday we climbed over miles of sun-glarin' limestone, and were parched in the 'black' stretches, and got nothin' but charcoal smudges, torn clothes and blisters. But always Fessenden insisted that we stay with it 'jest a leetle longeh, foh it was his tuhn at a beah, and get him he'd have to.' *Because* it was nine chances to one he would disgrace himself with his daughter and be plumb ready to hang himself for it, nothin' would do but he must *run* that chance! Dad burn him, a dozen times I could 'a' knocked him flat for it!

"Then came Saturday, and what happened that afternoon has give' me somethin' to fill in times o' meditation with ever since. We'd done all the near-lyin' huckleberry districts and had moved over into the big burnt-land raspberry patches. Well, that day we were crossin' an old whaler up above Loon Lake, and were just hittin' the home circuit through the rockiest and raggedest part of it, when both dogs let out a yelp together and put for a little gully on our right. They chased about a hundred rod or so along it and then brought up a-summersettin' with excitement.

"When we reached them, there, right ahead, was a reg'lar little two-foot cave mouth. And we didn't need anything more than our noses to tell us there was bear in there.

"We saw to our weapons and made Miss Bob go back up on the rocks above. Then Charlie Duck tried to send in his mongrels. But their iden of what was fittin' was to howl an' yaup—and do it *outside* that hole. As for the beast inside, he continued to sleep like a hired man. In the end I had to take a dry pine branch and touch off the needles and shoot that piece of home-made fireworks in to him.

"Then there was one *whoof*, and a head as big as the end of a pork barrel—and mostly jaws—came out a-gnashin'! If there was one of us that didn't do a hop, step and jump right there he never made any brag of it afterward! But the bear concerned hisself only with the dogs, and for the rest of that minute they did even more howlin' and yaupin' than they'd done before.

"However, that give us time to get a grip on ourselves again and begin a-shootin'. My second ball, or maybe some one else's, took the brute in the shoulder, and he went over backward like a watermelon bowled endwise. He just managed to shove into the den again and out of sight; then he grunted once and laid quiet.

"Meanwhiles everybody was givin' the laugh to everybody else for the way we'd all dug for it at the start-off. 'But, by the shanks of Duffy!' shouts young Kendrick, 'did you see how Uncle Fessenden lit out? He's in the hundred yards class all right!'

"'Why, I—I—I beg yoh pahdon, Geo'ge,' says the old cediot, his lips wabblin' and his heart pretty near chokin' him still—'I assuh yoh that if I did shift a step or two it was me'ely because Misteh Jennings was squaih in front of me wheh I was at fust.'

"They all roared together.

"'All right!' he said, tryin' to laugh it off with them again. 'I see yoh got to have yoh joke, boys. But while yoh havin' it, I guess I'll jest be a-crawlin' in theh an' pullin' that lad out!'

"I might 'a' knowed that was exactly the kind of bluff he'd make! The girl let a shriek out of her and started down the rocks a-flyin'. And I made a le'p forward, too, yellin' at him to stop, for the reason that a dead bear's only dead when he's been that way for about an hour.

"But already he was pushin' in. 'Fust man to lay han's on him gets his hide!' he calls back, kickin' out vigorous. I had to loose him and he wriggled the rest of the way through.

"And he hadn't hardly got inside before there was a sort of sneeze, and then a foamin' snarl. '*Lawd!*' cries Fessenden, only once, like a man dropped through the ice. There was another blarin' beller from the bear, then a scrabblin', scufflin', shoutin' *shiveree!* And then, in the middle of it—*bangety-bang!* It was the .44, and that was *somethin'*, anyway!

"By that time, though, it was takin' three of the boys to hold Miss Bob. And as for what *I*'d ought to do—'scat me if I knowed! It was plain Fessenden was even more terrified of givin' the brute his back while he tried to get out again than he was of meetin' him with the gun. To say the least, too, that cave-mouth wa'n't any *irresistible* open door! And as long as he was left the light from it, and was usin' the .44 at point-blank range, the whole rip-roarin' fracas might be

(Continued on Page 20)

Shoot

97/16 to 6 13/16

OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

Mrs. Foxglove's Wedding

By JAMES L. FORD

I AM but a poor hand, I fear, when it comes to describing a wedding, and there is but little else to be told of my simple boarding-house story. My first thought, when I realized the task that lay before me, was to seek the aid of my worthy friend, William Swallowtail, who, in the course of many years of service as a society reporter, has attended and reported in the Planet no less than two thousand of these most interesting ceremonies. So when I rather shamefacedly confessed my inability to chronicle this one, he readily agreed to do it for me and remarked tactfully and consolingly, "Of course, old man, I can understand how you feel in the matter. I remember I had to report a girl's wedding once under somewhat similar circumstances—I was awfully gone on her—and I'd rather have been shot than do it. You just leave it to me and I'll do a couple of sticksfuls for my daily column and a paragraph for the Sunday page, too, if you like; and be sure to get the names of the people that get the invitations, not those who accept them, and I'll see that the right names get in, even if I have to add a few on my own account, and it's not every one I'd do that for."

But when I explained to him that the high contracting parties in this marriage did not wish to see it mentioned in the press, and that what I wanted was not a list of the guests and their clothes and the presents but a pretty bit of writing that would serve as a finale to my story and enchain the interest and sympathies of every woman that read it, he shook his head and said that that was something far out of his line, and that although he had been describing weddings for years as a means of livelihood, he realized his own utter inability to do justice to such an occasion as this.

So, if my narrative shall fail to satisfy, I may at least claim that the task was one which even this Homer of social chroniclers dared not essay. And I may add—for it is in a measure pertinent to the subject—that I can write my last chapter with feelings of calm resignation which may in time mellow into absolute cheerfulness and a realization that it was all for the best.

We came to know one another very well—this tall, reserved Southerner and I—during the few weeks that elapsed between the evening when I saw him sitting at the window fanning himself with his Panama hat and the day when, at his urgent request, I assumed the office of master of ceremonies in the drawing-room of the old-fashioned house near Chelsea Square in which it was arranged that the wedding should take place.

He had not liked me at first—as he freely admitted, now that we had arrived at a pleasant mutual understanding—and he had been particularly incensed at my presumption in rebuking Mrs. Foxglove for her idolatrous calf worship. (I learned now that she had repeated to him everything that I had told her.) But since it was all over he was magnanimous enough—as he could well afford to be—to admit that his feeling toward me in those earlier days had been somewhat warped by jealousy and that he had regarded my brusqueness of speech—"scolding," Mrs. Foxglove called it—as a sure indication that I was a privileged character.

And when I had learned all this from his own lips, Mrs. Foxglove being also present, I straightway made answer that at least I had never slammed the front door so as to shake Mrs. Catnip's boarding-house as it had not been shaken since the day of the Titepurse-Timpson wedding.

"And I should have been perfectly justified if I had shaken the whole house down about your ears," replied Mr. Buchanan. "At that time certain personal interests led to my reading the Planet, particularly on Sundays, when an entire page was given over to the comings and goings of a small number of people whose names were reiterated a dozen times in every issue of the paper. Really, sir, I don't recollect that I ever heard of such goings-on in my life as were described there. And when I heard that Mrs. Foxglove, who was born and raised among the very best people in the South, was actually associating with such singular people and writing articles to show that they were superior to persons like myself who are engaged in honorable commercial pursuits, I became indignant. Naturally enough I laid the blame at the doors of that new friend of hers who seemed to interest himself so much in her behalf and had got her a place on the Planet staff. Then that poor little child, Alice, came to me with her sad tale and——"

"Never mind, Loudon," cried Mrs. Foxglove, "it's all over now, but I wanted our friend here to understand that we appreciated what he had done. Really, if it hadn't been for his opening my eyes to all that folly I might have stayed on at Mrs. Catnip's until the end of my days instead of——"

She closed her sentence with a look and a pressure of his hand that positively made me turn my head away. Ah, if I had only been ten minutes earlier that fateful summer evening when I saw this man fanning himself with his Panama hat and waiting for her to come to him!

Something of this feeling came back to me, I honestly hope and believe for the last time in this world, when I entered the fine, old-fashioned house in which these two old-time sweethearts were to live—for the tall Southerner had been Mrs. Foxglove's suitor long before her first marriage—and noted the manner in which the bride had struck the keynote of genuine and enduring domestic happiness in the good taste and comfort of the furnishings. And if I admired what she had done, still more did I admire what she had left undone in her scheme of decoration. There were curtains at the windows that harmonized with the dull red of the wall-paper and the brighter hues of the rugs, but there were no portières to hide the beauty of the great mahogany doors, no lambrequins to shroud the fine mantelpieces of black marble. The furniture was all simple and solid, and the floor was not encumbered with stools or rickety little tables and other insane schemes for the uptripping of the unwary. It was an ideal man's home, designed by woman's hands, and the ancient colored servitor who admitted me intimated with honest pride that "Massa Loudon's" lines had fallen in pleasant places.

Mr. Buchanan, hearing my voice from the chamber above, where he was putting on his wedding-garments, hurried down to welcome me and bade Uncle Scipio bring us proper refreshment.

"I couldn't think of getting married without having old Uncle Scipio here to preside and Aunt Martha to cook the wedding-breakfast," said Mr. Buchanan, as the old darky shuffled off to the regions below stairs; "and then if they find it pleasant here in New York I reckon I'll let them stay right on and look after us. You see, they were both raised down on our place and, as long ago as I can remember, Aunt Martha used to cook for us while Uncle Scip had charge of the dining-room. It's pretty hard to break those old ties, sir; and besides, we feel a great deal more comfortable living in the old-fashioned style with our old colored servants to wait on us than we should with any such establishment as my wife—that is, Mrs. Foxglove at present, Mrs. Buchanan this afternoon, I hope—tells me you New Yorkers of fashion keep up."

A moment later Uncle Scipio set before me a tall, thin glass topped with cracked ice from which a sheaf of fragrant mint, uncrushed by the rude hand of ignorance, reared itself proudly. Made of ripe old liquor, sweetened with loaf sugar and fragrant with the sprigs which the old man had gathered in a favored corner of the old Virginia garden and brought all the way to New York packed in ice that his master's friends might be suitably entertained, it was indeed a julep to be absorbed slowly and with fitting respect. A Frenchman might have termed it "*une juleppe sérieuse.*" I drank it reverently, devoutly thankful that the conscientious skill which alone can produce such a drink had not entirely passed from off the face of the earth. And as I drank, I was conscious that the old man was furtively watching me as if to assure himself that I was worthy of a place in his master's intimate circle.

THE TALL, RESERVED SOUTHERNER

As I have said before, the chronicling of a wedding ceremony is not my literary long suit and I can do no more than set down a few of the happenings on that important day. I am sure that it is a little unusual for the marriage to take place in the house that is to serve the wedded pair as a home, nor do I know why I was asked to fill a semi-official position when so many blood relations of both bride and bridegroom were in attendance and could be had for the asking. I thought at first that it was because Buchanan feared that in selecting any one he might give offense to all the rest, but in the light of a chance remark let fall later in the day by the frank-spoken Uncle Scipio, I judged that he did not want any of his relatives to get a foothold in the house for fear he would find them still ensconced there on his return from the honeymoon.

I have reason to suspect, moreover, that Mr. Buchanan took special delight in arranging a wedding ceremony that should set at defiance some of those minor conventions that underbred people regard as matters of vital importance. Proud as he was of his blood and the traditions of his kind, he utterly disdained those social laws which owe their origin to some vague rumor in regard to what "they" say or do at Newport or elsewhere. And, as he was a man of great determination of character, the wedding was carried out precisely in the way that he had intended. Like most men of his stamp, he had blood kin in many of the older settled parts of the country, and to all of these he had sent cordial invitations to his wedding. The first of these to arrive were two elderly ladies in rather old-fashioned attire whom Mr. Buchanan welcomed with stately cordiality and to whom I was then duly presented as a warm friend of the bride's. The ladies were unmistakably from Boston, Massachusetts, and were own cousins of Mr. Buchanan, whose mother's sister had married, many years before the Civil War, a Boston merchant of high degree. Political differences had for a time estranged the Southern branch of the family from their Northern relatives, but of late years the old-time relations had been renewed, and it was with a kindly wish to cement them still more closely that Miss Janet Applethorpe and her widowed sister, Susan Granger, came on to New York for their kinsman's wedding. They greeted me with a well-bred reserve that somehow called to mind the dazzling field of ice that topped old Uncle Scipio's mint julep, and at the same time suggested the golden draught that lay beneath. Now, it happens that I am remotely connected with the late Jabez Scuttleworth of Beacon Hill, the son of Hiram of the same name, and grandson of that distinguished patriot and famous New England merchant, Peleg Scuttleworth, the founder of the great estate which still remains in the family and the bearer of a name that is synonymous with prudent commercial enterprise, liberal views and Christian philanthropy. It would not surprise me to learn that Uncle Scipio himself was the direct descendant of some dusky chief rescued from his native heathen blindness by Peleg's Christian philanthropy and a barrel of rum, and brought to our shores to pursue his theological studies in a Carolina rice-swamp. The mere mention of the Scuttleworth name is an open sesame to the esteem and good will of all real Bostonians; and now, on the end of my adroit tongue, it became the straw through which I absorbed the best that these ladies had to offer.

And it was very good indeed, that which lay beneath their crust of icy reserve. They did not talk of Emerson and Browning as they would have had I met them in the pages of a comic paper instead of in a gentleman's drawing-room, but they had their say in regard to a recent much-talked-of comedy which they easily traced to its French and German originals and a certain over-advertised foreign actress whose artistic shortcomings awakened their contemptuous ridicule. They talked of modern literature with an insight that seemed

SCIPIO

Editor's Note—This is the concluding paper in Mr. Ford's series.

to me nothing short of marvelous, for they had actually read the books of which they spoke, and were, moreover, so accustomed to reading and to the society of those who read that they did not speak of a book with the air of children trying to "show off."

For many years these two excellent ladies have spent their summers in the old Scuttleworth home in Newport, but when I made jocose mention of the Titepurses, young Tommy Timpson, and some of the other social protégées of the Planet, they looked mystified, and then I learned that they had heard of them and even seen them from time to time, but had looked upon them much as a well-bred Brazilian might look upon the apes swinging from tree to tree along the banks of the Amazon.

The next arrivals were greeted by Uncle Scipio with a hearty hand clasp and many inquiries concerning the "folks down home," so I surmised, even before I saw them, that they were Southern relatives of the bridegroom. They proved to be Colonel and Mrs. Loudon of the South Carolina branch of the family, and, after a few minutes' chat, Mrs. Loudon went down to have a session with Aunt Martha in the kitchen, whence came presently sounds of talk and laughter.

The bell rang again, and to my utter amazement Tom Van Sinderin, bright of eye, ruddy of cheek and white as to the hair and mustache, entered the room and was saluted by the bridegroom as "Cousin Tom." We have known one another for twenty years and the surprise was mutual, for somehow I never suspected the relationship between him and the tall Southerner. There was a kinship, though, of the sort that binds together families of the Buchanan and Van Sinderin class, North as well as South, and although the cousinship in this case was in the third degree removed, nevertheless the blood tie was a strong one, as it is apt to be in old families, and so Tom Van Sinderin came in town from the pleasant Long Island country-seat, where he lives most of the year, to see Loudon married and to invite him and his bride to spend the final week of their honeymoon with him. And when I told him that I had known the bride for two or three years and had not been altogether insensible to her charm, his heart warmed toward me and he listened eagerly to my honest praise of her, and then declared that it did his old heart good to see the male members of the family taking unto themselves wives even at such a late day as that chosen by his Southern kinsman. One bachelor like himself, he declared, was enough in a family; and when Alice arrived a few minutes later in company with one of her little school friends—and not one of the Nickel-Plush "desirables," either—he had her sit by him on the sofa, questioned her about her studies, enjoyments and friends, and told me afterward that he found her shy, sweet, well-bred and altogether charming. As for Alice and her young school friend, they regarded Cousin Tom as the handsomest man in New York; and, indeed, outside the Fire Department, I do not know where you would find a better type of the white-mustached, straight-nosed, clean-cut New Yorker, or one who speaks with a truer New York accent—that fine shading of speech that is almost extinct.

And so the guests came, singly and in pairs, and the last of all to arrive was Mrs. Foxglove herself, accompanied by Mrs. Catnip, whom she had persuaded with much difficulty—for our landlady is by nature shy and not much given to "gadding"—to come in the capacity of her best friend, and that she surely has been. Buchanan, who had been watching nervously from the front window, was at the curbstone before the carriage stopped, and escorted the two ladies up the stone steps with a chivalrous courtesy that elicited a shrill cheer from the group of little girls who had been drawn together at the curb by that sentimental interest that a wedding always inspires in their sex.

Verily it was an unusual wedding. There were not more than twenty who witnessed it, but seldom indeed have I seen gathered together in a New York drawing-room so many men and women who had been introduced into good society, not by Park Row, but by the nurse and the doctor. And after the clergyman had read the service of our church—for both Mr. Buchanan and his wife had been brought up to worship the Lord according to the rules of syntax—we all pressed forward with congratulations and good wishes which I am sure were sincere. And finally, Uncle Scipio and Aunt Martha, who had witnessed the ceremony from their places behind the rest of the company, came forward and solemnly invoked the blessings of Heaven on the newly-married pair; after which they both descended to the kitchen, whence there arose presently such exquisite odors that Tom Van Sinderin and I were actually caught sniffing them over the banister rail.

It was not five minutes after we had been brought back, unashamed and unrepentant, to the drawing-room, to be exposed to the ridicule of the company, that I caught a glimpse of William Swallowtail mounting the front steps and hastened into the hall to receive him.

"Just the man I wanted to see!" he exclaimed, as he wrung me cordially by the hand. "I'm afraid I'm too late, but I came here as early as I could, for I really wanted to show the little woman that I have a true regard for her. It's lucky you're here, for I've got to see you on a matter of importance. A message from the great white throne. Hello, that smells good!"

"It does indeed," I replied. "And you may be thankful that although you are late for the ceremony, you've arrived in time for the wedding-feast. And remember that this is really a most unusual affair. Not only are the participants anxious to keep the whole thing out of the papers, but the only two invited guests who are not here, so far from being the highest socially on the list, as is usually the case, are the very lowest.

"They are Mrs. Grinders and Mrs. Taffeta, fellow-boarders of Mrs. Buchanan's and mine at Mrs. Catnip's, and they would have come had it not been for a previous engagement of great importance at 'Queenie' Codliver's Grace Church wedding to-day."

"I've just come from there," said Mr. Swallowtail.

"Then very likely you saw them as you left the church. I'm sure they were well placed, for they left the house at ten o'clock this morning so as to get there before the sidewalk should become too crowded. By this time they've probably shed their last hairpin and shoe-button. And now in regard to the message you bring me from the great white throne?"

"Wait till after we have finished eating," said Swallowtail, whose alert and highly-trained nostrils had already told him that dishes of an unusual nature were to be placed before the guests.

And even as he spoke the solemn rumble of the dumb-waiter on its godlike errand told me that it was time to cease parleying and move toward the dining-room.

For more years than I can tell, worthy William Swallowtail has chronicled the doings of what, according to the philosophy that dominates the deliberations at Mrs. Catnip's table, is the very best society in the land, but I am sure that he never was in better company than that which sat down to the delicious wedding-breakfast that the tall Southerner set before his guests. Nor, for that matter, has he ever, according to his own confession, tasted better food than that which Aunt Martha cooked and the tactful, loyal and smiling Uncle Scipio served.

THAT AT LEAST I HAD NEVER SLAMMED THE FRONT DOOR

"You don't get this sort of grub at the places I go to," said Mr. Swallowtail as the watchful Scipio placed a second baked tomato on his plate and carefully refilled his glass. "I can tell you it's a positive relief not to run up against the everlasting bouillon, chicken salad, creamed oysters and ices that they have everywhere. Your friend is certainly starting off with a wonderful cook."

And, in truth, the future of the newly-married couple seemed a bright one. I cannot conceive of any two persons cooking and serving a meal as satisfactorily and smoothly as did these two hoary survivors of that dead-and-gone form of bondage which so often bound master and servant in ties of closest affection. Whatever was cooked in that little basement kitchen—I have dined with the Buchanans many times since their wedding-day—was prepared with a special and loving thought of the peculiar tastes of those who were to partake of it.

As for Uncle Scip, the solemn dignity with which he ministered to the guests, the quickness with which he noted every want and hastened to supply it, and the splendid manner in which, at a signal from his master, he filled every glass for the toasting of the bride, were enough in themselves to give distinction to the feast.

And after it was all over, the tall and grizzled Southerner drove away with the wife whom he had loved from the time when his hair was brown and curly, and I was left behind to speed, in his name, each and every one of the parting guests with a final cup, and to see that little Alice was packed off safely to the house of the friends who were to care for her until her mother's return. It was not until those duties had been faithfully performed that I sat down beside William Swallowtail and heard from his own lips the message which he bore to me from the steps of the great white throne, and which was substantiated by a brief but courteous note signed by the royal hand of David Barshfield himself, third of the great Park Row dynasty, and may his reign be long and prosperous.

I learned now for the first time that my former employer had deigned to read what I have written about him in these papers and had been greatly touched by the kindly references to himself which he found in them. Desiring, therefore, to reward me with a supreme mark of his favor, he had commissioned his ambassador, William Swallowtail, to offer me free admission to the ranks of the Four Hundred and safe conduct, under the royal protection, through the golden gates of Society. Furthermore, he was graciously pleased to offer me my choice of the three principal gateways leading to this enchanted realm.

I might ooze in gradually, but none the less surely, as "among those present"; I might leap in at a single bound as a new cotillon leader, or I might break in as the central figure of a series of Sunday "freak" pages.

When I say that I was profoundly moved by the gracious magnanimity of my one-time and always to be venerated chief, I only faintly describe the feelings that were awakened in my bosom by William Swallowtail's words. Well I knew that the place offered me was almost unprecedented in the history of the office, and that not since the faithful old foreman of the composing-room died and his daughter-in-law, now known in every boarding-house in the land as Mrs. "Winty" Brevier, was placed in the Four Hundred by royal command as a signal mark of respect to the old man's memory, had such an honor been paid to any one connected in any way with the staff of the Planet. Nevertheless, while deeply grateful for the favor thus shown me, I felt it proper to decline Mr. Barshfield's honor. In doing so I assured him of my appreciation of his kindness, but told him that I realized my own unworthiness of the place that he wished to prepare for me beside the seats of the mighty. Furthermore, I told him that my only desire was to live out the remainder of my allotted days in tranquil happiness, far from the madding crowd of Park Row and, if possible, still more distantly removed from those circles in which the Four Hundred serves as the chief topic of conversation.

"Well, this is the second surprise of the day!" said the amazed Swallowtail as he rose to convey my ultimatum to the steps of the great white throne. We parted with a warm clasp of the hand and I made my way at once to Mrs. Catnip's, but only to find that the gloom of death had settled over the old boarding-house and to realize that it would never be the same place that it had been while Mrs. Foxglove was one of my fellow-boarders. I met Mrs. Catnip in the hall. Her eyes were red, for most women cry at funerals and weddings.

"I'd give a dollar if I didn't have to go downstairs and sit at the head of that table," she said; "I don't want to hear them critters, Mrs. Taffeta and Mrs. Grinders, talkin' about the little woman that's gone, and askin' if there was much style to the weddin'. Well, there was more real style there than they'll ever see in all their lives a-peekin' through church doors."

"Ah!" I replied, "the night you told me what my bounden duty was I set out and actually got as far as Mrs. Foxglove's boarding-house, but turned back when I saw Buchanan sitting in the front window, fanning himself with his Panama hat and waiting for her. If I'd only started twenty minutes earlier——"

"Twenty minutes!" exclaimed Mrs. Catnip scornfully. "You'd oughter hev started twenty years earlier to get ahead of him. He's been courting her since she was twelve years old. She told me that while we were in the carriage this morning.

"And from what I can see of him I believe that twenty years from now he'll be courting her still."

HOW BOYS EARN MONEY

By ROBERT SHACKLETON

THERE are more than 30,000 boys who work regularly for money in New York City. The variety of their labor is almost infinite. There are 6000 messenger boys. There are 5000 who market the newspapers of the city. There are 1500, mostly Italians, who shine the city's shoes, although Italian men are steadily pushing boys out of this employment. In spite of factory laws there are over 3000 boys under fifteen years of age in sweatshops, though this fact is better known to the law's evaders than to the official inspectors.

Of the 30,000 youthful workers it must necessarily be that the majority toil at dull daily routine, but there are also a host of individual cases of special ability and resourcefulness.

Just before sunrise, one day last winter, a wet and heavy snow began to fall. The sidewalks were soon covered. An army of men were quickly engaged in clearing off the snow, for otherwise the business of the city would be congested. It was the opportunity for which Larry Scott, a tenement boy of sixteen, had been waiting. He hastily gathered together a half-dozen boys of his immediate neighborhood with whom a previous arrangement had been made, and the little squad hurried off under his command.

A boy of less confidence than Larry would have supposed that, under the conditions of life in New York, each shop would have men ready to shovel snow and every apartment-house its janitor, but Larry knew that there were plenty of chances. A natural-born leader, his little company followed him devotedly; with snap and a pleasing briskness, he made the bargains for the squad, and soon he had all of them at work.

The snow continued. New cleanings were necessary. All forenoon the snow fell. Once in a while, when the six were busy, Larry used a shovel himself, and worked harder and faster than any of the others, showing that he was ready to use his hands as well as his head. When the snow ceased and there was no more cleaning to do he found that his morning's work, including his own shoveling and what was left after paying the other boys, had cleared him almost three dollars—a good sum for a forenoon for a boy of sixteen.

That was not the first day that Larry had worked. In fact, he had worked at one thing or another, in the intervals of schooling, ever since he could remember, and at the time of the snowstorm he happened to be a "tail-end boy" temporarily out of a job.

Now, a "tail-end boy" is not one who is behind, except in a certain limited and literal sense. A "tail-end boy" is an assistant on the big delivery wagons and he receives his designation from the part of the wagon where he sits. The wages are not high. Most boys receive no more than two dollars and fifty cents or three dollars a week. Larry received four dollars, for he was an exceptional boy.

Through that morning's work in the snow Larry received a good start, for one who noticed his clever scheme interested himself in the lad and secured him a position in which his resourcefulness and managerial capacity will steadily advance him.

But the boy who wants to earn money in New York must not look for a snowstorm. There are more boys than work. Many cannot find work at all. A boy must train his mind, he must cultivate skill, he must get education, he must have perseverance, he must be quick to use brain or hands at whatever opportunity offers. He must make opportunities. Larry would have won in some other way if the snow had not given him a chance.

Work Out of School Hours

IT IS well to realize what small wages many boys receive, and especially such as attend the day schools and work after school hours.

One boy washes bottles and pastes labels in a drug store every afternoon from three to six for one dollar a week. Another, who clerks at a street stand every afternoon and during all of Saturday, is paid seventy cents when Saturday night comes. Tony Saldi, thirteen years old, delivers bread for a bakery for two hours every day before school begins and for several hours after school is over. His work is among the poorest class of tenements, where it is necessary to climb numberless stairs every day. He is paid one dollar and fifty cents a week. There are boys who work in cigarette factories, outside of school hours, for fifty cents a week. But all these boys keep at school and their pittances are of material aid to the family income.

Among those who have worked to help a family there comes the recollection of one whom I knew as the "orange-grove boy." His name is Theodore Barnes.

He was sixteen years old. With a widowed mother and a younger brother he had gone from New York to Florida, where the family put all their capital into an orange grove and awaited results. The first result was a good crop. The second was a frost so destructive that the crop was utterly ruined and every tree had to be chopped back to the roots. The family faced ruin.

How Theodore Barnes Won Out

THEN it was that Theodore displayed his pluck. Leaving his mother and brother in Florida to care for the grove he returned to New York. He secured a place as delivery boy for a laundry. He worked early and late. Having the reponsibility of money as well as packages, and also the care of a horse, he earned five dollars a week. He asked his employers how much he could have as commissions for new customers. "Fifteen cents apiece," was the careless reply. They had had experience with other boys and did not expect very many customers from that source. But they did not know Theodore. He set himself to win customers, and it was astonishing to see how many packages from new households he turned in every week.

He lived with extremest economy. At the end of the first year his wages were increased a dollar a week. Knowing New York, he was able to pick up money now and then from other sources. Every week he sent money to those in Florida, and with this, and some chickens and vegetables that they raised, the two who were there were able to live along and to tend the orange trees.

It was a three years' task, for it took that long for the frosted trees to bear again, and at the end of that time Theodore went back victorious, earning his way as far as Jekyll Island by caring for a horse in a box car. He had saved the family fortunes.

But it is not every one who is so situated as to earn as much money as did the "orange-grove boy." "Basting-pullers," for example, rarely earn two dollars a week, and many earn no more than one dollar. A vast number of little chaps from nine to fifteen years of age work eleven hours a day at the wearisome and monotonous task of pulling basting threads from cloaks and coats. This is in defiance of factory laws, but the East Side laughs at inspectors who cannot speak the language of the people whose shops they inspect, and it is easy to pass warnings to get little boys out of sight under the very nose of the official. A "basting-puller" must be able to pull the bastings from one hundred and twenty coats a day. The air is thick-laden with the smell that wool gives out under a hot iron; there is usually little light, because the older workers monopolize the best places; the boys look forward to the time when they, too, can bend their shoulders over the heavy, clattering sewing-machines. Few of these workers reach the age of fifty and a sweatshop coatmaker of sixty is unknown. Boys are driven into this hard and wretchedly-paid work by the cupidity or poverty of their parents, and in most cases it is poverty. When one knows of conditions such as these he ceases to wonder at cases of stunted growth and at boy faces that are over-old.

In the poor districts of the East Side the children of eight families out of every ten go to work at the earliest age they can, or as early as the law can be evaded to allow.

On the streets of these districts; those crowded streets whose pavements are the gathering places of the people; the boys who work can readily be distinguished from the few who do not, for the responsibilities of wage-earning and the stress of long hours have given their faces a curious touch of earnestness which differentiates them from the natural "boy."

A boy who has not the advantage of good connections and and education should, if possible, ally himself with some "settlement house," or with one of the boys' clubs, or with one of the associations that interest themselves in the welfare of youth. There are many such philanthropies, and a boy not only obtains educational and training advantages during certain hours of the day or evening, but if he shows himself bright and capable he stands a far better chance of obtaining profitable employment. At the same time, too, his feeling of independence is maintained, for though these associations and "settlement houses" (so called because the men and women who devote themselves to the work live in them) give their advantages freely, it is not as if for charity or as if to paupers. New York is so thronged with boys that it is only the exceptionally able or the exceptionally fortunate who win more than small returns. New York is a city to which boys ought never to come from other parts of the country on the mere chance of finding something to do. This warning cannot be too strongly put. It is time enough to face New York when one has a capital of experience and acquaintance and money. But for the boys who live here and who must look for a livelihood here, the problem should be faced cheerfully and with the determination to succeed.

A boy of fifteen, of good character and with some recommendation or introduction, can be reasonably sure of earning three dollars a week. There are boys of that age who earn more, especially those who are messengers or office boys, but none can be sure of doing so. And three dollars a week is not a temptingly large amount if a boy must earn his own living. For steady workers, steady though small advances may be depended upon.

Of course, though, all questions of wages are relative. A bright Italian boy, sixteen years old, who has been in the United States less than four years but who has already learned to speak the language well, said to me:

"I work in a factory, making boxes. I work ten hours each day, and get three dollars and twenty cents a week. In Sicily, in a week, I might not earn more than five cents."

Children Who Support Their Parents

A CURIOUS feature of New York life is that of the boys who work to support parents whose earning power is small through inability to speak our langunge.

Children acquire a language with ease, whereas to adults it is a difficult and sometimes impossible task. The result is that there are a great number of foreign-born parents in New York who can speak little or no English but whose children, even though foreign-born, speak it fluently. Many cases of devotion can be found among this class.

John Lero, who earns five dollars a week in a factory where buttons of pearl, bone and vegetable ivory are made, was offered an attractive situation at a home in the country, but though he would there have good clothes, good food and good opportunities, there was to be less actual money, and he declined the chance.

The man who offered it was much surprised, for he had taken an interest in the lad and wished to better his condition. "Why won't you come?" he said.

"Because my father would starve," was the quiet reply. The father was a Greek who, barred from profitable employment by lack of knowledge of English, was forced to depend on his son, and young Lero, like other boys who are thus wage-earners for their elders, accepted the situation quite as a matter of course and a simple duty.

Many boys are fascinated by occupations which not only give uniforms or livery but which seem to have a certain air of picturesqueness. The "tiger," for example, is envied of many—the jaunty little chap, all high hat and fine coat and long boots and bright buttons, who, high-perched, has the same air of nothing-to-do as has the lower-seated occupant of the carriage. The boy who gets such a place is apt to receive good wages in addition to tips proportioned to his ability to please; but even the most fortunately-situated "tiger" cannot hope to retain his place forever, because he cannot forever remain a boy.

"Buttons" is constantly becoming a figure of more and more importance among New York boys. His little bench is in the hallway of every apartment-house of the better class; he opens the door of numberless doctors' offices; he receives the clients of art dealers and milliners; he is in evidence at the door of many a smart shop. Though his pay may not be large he has numerous opportunities of making friends among the class who employ office assistants, and he is sure to be well-remembered at Christmas.

"Front," in hotels, is usually bright-witted, and if he possesses the happy manner which, when he shows a room, makes the guest overlook the fact that it is next to the elevator and looks into a court, he has in him the essential qualities. His place permits of advancement through various grades of checker and steward to the august glory of hotel clerk.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on this subject by Mr. Shackleton. The second will appear in an early number.

THE OFFICE BOY'S LYRICS

By S. E. KISER

With Pictures by John T. McCutcheon

THE NICEST OF THEM ALL IS GRACE

I

A new typewriter lady's workin' here,
Her name's Miss Willis, and the first part's Grace;
I seen it on her letters, and it's queer
How nice it seems when she's around the place

A chap that had bowlegs and squinty eyes
Held down the job before she come, a while;
I'd hate when I'm a man to be his size,
Or show my gums like him when I would smile

I heard the head bookkeeper tellin' Green
When neither of them seemed to notice me,
One day a while ago, that just between
Themselves, you know, and on the dead q. t.,

The old man's wife had kicked up with both feet
And said he'd have to pass the girlies by —
No more of them to set there lookin' sweet
And write his letters and stenogra-fy.

So that was why we had a man to get
The dictates and to hammer on the keys
But she's went off to Europe, and I'll bet
The old man, he's as happy as you please.

"I'D LIKE TO PULL THAT CREATURE'S HAIR"

II

I used to think I liked the name of Bess
The best of all there was, but now I guess
The nicest of them all is Grace, and she
Is peachier than it, it seems to me.

She's got a brother, and his name is Ben —
I wish they'd named me that, and I was ten
Years older than I am, and that my nose
Went up high in the middle, like his goes.

His hair is straight — I wish that mine was, too,
And that my eyes would not be brown, but blue —
One day she called me "Bub," and so that night
At supper I could hardly eat a bite.

When Mary — that's the woman who sweeps out —
Was cleanin' up and bangin' things about,
One night when Grace was through and wasn't there,
She said: "I'd like to pull that creature's hair."

And when I ast her why, she said that John
The janitor was bug-house and dead gone;
"The fool can't talk of nothin' else," she said,
"And paint's what makes her lips and cheeks so red."

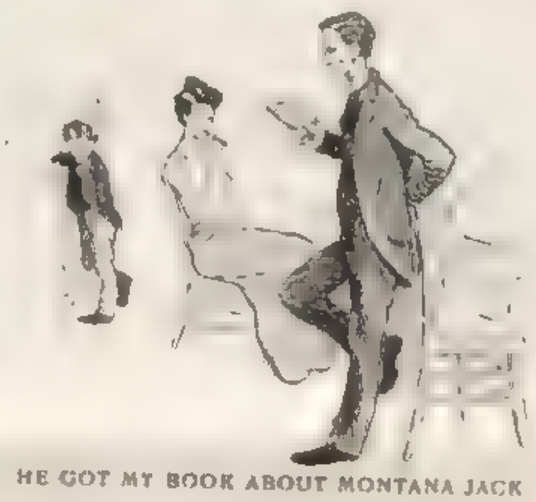
I wish that John and Mary'd have to go;
I hate them both, and that's a lie, I know,
About the paint — you bet I'd make them sick,
If I was boss around here, pretty quick.

III

Green calls me Deadwood Dick. — He's our cashier —
And thinks he's funny, but if he could hear
The way his laugh sounds when he tells his jokes —
I mean the way it sounds to other folks —
I guess he wouldn't have so much to say,
And just keep still and try to earn his pay

He got my book about "Montana Jack,
The Boy That Never Budged Nor Took It Back,"
And read a page to Grace. I'd like to kick
The fool. He thinks he's Johnny-up-the Crick;
About the only thing some chumps enjoy
Is huntin' for a chance to plague a boy.

He wears a wig and thinks nobody knows,
And has it all curled up in little rows;
So after he'd got funny with my book
One day I got a rod and fishin' hook,
And when the boss had went away some place
I told McKnight, who keeps the books, and Grace.



HE GOT MY BOOK ABOUT MONTANA JACK

They kept from lettin' on and watched and then
I stood behind him pretty soon, and when
He'd went to countin' up some bills I got
The hook down in among his curls and caught
The wig and give a sudden pull and there
He stood, almost without a single hair.

He said he'd kick me out and slap my face,
And him and me went racin' through the place.
And pretty soon, when I was nearly dead,
He slipped and fell and almost broke his head —
I hope nobody'll ever tell His Nobs,
Or me and Green'll both be huntin' jobs.

IV

Each day I like her better,
She's beautiful. Oh, gee!
I wish that I could get her
To run away with me.

If I was White Horse Harry
And this a bandit's nest
I'd swoop in here and carry
Her off somewhere out West.

Rats! There the boss is ringin' —
Sometimes it almost looks
As though there's not a thing in
Life like it is in books.

HIM AND ME WENT RACING THROUGH THE PLACE

I'D LIKE TO BE A HERO

V

To-day when she looked up at me
And smiled a little smile
I felt as though I'd like to be
Somebody else a while;
I wished that all the men were dead
And I was left alone
With just the girls, to go ahead
And choose her for my own.

I wished that they'd find out some way
That I'd got changed somehow,
When I was borned, and come and say
I wasn't me, and bow
And kneel down there and show me by
A locket with a curl
Or something else inside that I
Was some rich duke or earl

I'd like to be a hero who
Come ridin' down the street
And made my horse go prancin' through,
Just walkin' on two feet,
And Grace would stand here lookin' out
And hear the people clap
And wave her handkerchief and shout
When I took off my cap.

AND HEAR THE PEOPLE CLAP

Then, when we'd finished the parade
And I'd come here she'd say,
When no one heard, she'd been afraid
While I was far away
That mebby I'd get shot and die
And leave her feelin' sad,
And then I'd kiss her and she'd cry
Because she'd be so glad.

I wish I'd power like a king's,
To do what kings can do —
But what's the use of wishin' things
That ain't, and can't come true?
The other day, when I had run
To get the pen she dropped,
She smiled and then said: "Thank you, son" —
My breathin' nearly stopped

VI

If yesterday would come to-morrer
There wouldn't hardly be no sorrer

For then we'd have another try
At chances that we let go by.

Instead of givin' luck the blame
We'd grab the good things when they came.

We'd take the best and leave the worst
If all the days came hind-end first.

The fools that stand and wonder now
Would know just when to act and how.

If yesterday would come agen
We'd not say "if" so often then.

We'd turn the merry face to sorrer
If yesterday would come to-morrer.

TO BE CONTINUED

The President's Daughter

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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A RED LIGHT SWUNG SLOWLY TO AND FRO ON THE LEDGE

CHAPTER V

SLEEPY CAT town was but just rubbing its eyes next morning when the Brock train pulled in from Cascade Clouds rolling loosely across the mountains were pushing the night into the West and promise of day followed soft and cool, in the east wind

On the platform in the gray light three men were climbing up the gangway of a switch-engine; the last man so long and so loosely put together that he was taking, as he always took when he tried to get into small quarters, the chaffing of his companions on his size. He smiled languidly at Callahan's excited greeting, and as they ran down the yard listened without comment to the story of the washout. No words were needed to convey to Glover, or to Blood, the embarrassment of the situation Freight trains crowded every track in the yard and the block of twelve hours indicated what a two-day tie-up would mean. In the cañon the roadmasters were already taking measurements and 'section men were lining up track lifted and wrenched by the water. Callahan and Blood did the talking, but when they left the flooded roadbed and Glover took a way up the cañon wall it became apparent what the mountain engineer's long legs were for. He led, a quick, sure climber, and if he meant by rapidly scaling the boulders to shut off Callahan's talk the intent was effective. Nothing more was said till the three men, followed by the roadmasters, had gained a ledge, fifty feet above the water, that commanded for a quarter of a mile a view of the cañon

They were standing above the mouth of Dry Dollar Creek opposite the point of rocks called the Cat's Paw, and Glover, pulling his hat brim into a perspective, looked up and down the river. The roadmasters had taken some measurements and these they offered him, but he did no more than listen while they read their figures, as if mentally comparing them with notes in his memory. Once he questioned a figure, but it was not till the roadmaster insisted he was right that Glover drew from one of his innumerable pockets an old field-book and showed the man where he had made his error.

"Bucks said last night you knew all this track work," remarked Callahan

"I helped Hadley a little here when he rebuilt three years ago. The track was put in shape then as well as it ever can be. The fact simply is this, Callahan, we shall never be safe here. What must be done is to tunnel Sleepy Cat and get out of the infernal cañon with the main line and use this for the spur around the tunnel. When your message came last night, Morris and I took the chance to tell Mr. Brock so and he is here this morning to see what things look like after a cloud-burst. A tunnel will save two miles of track and all the double-heading."

"But Glover, what's that got to do with the fruit? Confound your tunnel! what I want is a track. By heavens, if it's going to take three days to get one in we might as well dump a hundred cars of peaches into the river now—and Bucks is looking to *you* to save them.'

"Looking to me?" echoed Glover, raising his brows 'Why, what's the matter with Agnew?"

"Oh, hang Agnew'

"If you like. But he is in charge of this division I could say nothing discourteous or unprofessional, Callahan '

You are not required t

'It looks very much as if I am being called in to instruct Agnew how to do his work He is a perfectly competent engineer

'That point has been covered. Bucks had a long talk with Agnew over the wire last night. He is needed all the time at the Blackwood bridge and he is relieved here when you arrive. Now, what's the matter with you?

"Nothing whatever, if that is the situation. I'd much rather keep out of it, but there isn't work enough here for two engineers—not a great deal for one

"What do you mean?"

'This isn't very bad'

"Not very bad! Well, how much time do you want to put a track in here?"

Glover's eyes were roaming up and down the cañon "How much can you give me?" he asked.

"Till to-night '

Glover looked at his watch; the drawling ceased when he spoke 'Then get two hundred and fifty men in here as quick as the Lord will let you."

"We've picked up about seventy-five section men, but there aren't two hundred and fifty men within a hundred miles

Glover pointed north. "Ed Smith's got two hundred men not over three miles from here on the irrigation ditch."

"That only shows I've no business in this game," remarked Callahan, looking at Morris Blood. "This is where you take hold."

Blood nodded "Leave that to me. Let's have the orders all at once, Ab. Say where you want headquarters.'

The engineer stretched a finger toward the point of rocks across the cañon. "Right above the Cat's Paw."

Tell Bill Dancing to cut in the wrecking instrument over there and put an operator here for Glover's orders," directed Blood, turning to Smith Young

"I'm off for something to eat," said Callahan; "and by the way, what shall I tell Bucks about the chances?"

"Can you get Ed. Smith's outfit?" asked Glover, speaking to Blood. "Well, I know you can—Ed 's a Denver man He meditated another moment. "We need his whole outfit

'I'll get it or resign. If I succeed, when can you get a train through?"

"By midnight." Callahan staggered Glover raised his finger. "If you back off the ledge they will need a new [illegible]

"By midnight?"

"I think so."

'You can get your rock in by that time?"

"I reckon

"Agnew says it will take a hundred cars

That's not far out of the way. On flat cars you won't average much over ten yards to the car—will you, Morris?"

Like two wary gamblers Callahan and the chief of construction on the mountain lines eyed each other coldly, Glover standing pat and the general superintendent disinclined through many experiences to call

"Well, I'm not doing the talking now," said Callahan at length with a sidewise glance, "but if you get a hundred cars of rock in that hole by twelve o'clock to-night—not to speak of laying steel—you can have my job, old man."

"Then look up another right away for I'll have the rock in the river before that Now don't rubber, but get after the men and the drills—

"The drills?"

"I said the whole outfit."

"Would it be proper to ask what you are going to drill?"

'Perfectly proper." Glover pointed again to the shelving wall across the river. "It will save time and freight to tumble the Cat's Paw into the river—there's ten times the rock we need right there. I can dump a thousand yards where we need it in thirty seconds after I get my powder in. That will give us a foundation, and your roadmasters can go across it in six hours with a track that will carry your fruit—I wouldn't recommend it for dining-cars but it will do for plums and peaches. And by the way, Morris," called Glover—Blood was already twenty feet away, scrambling down the path—"if Ed. Smith's got any giant powder, borrow sticks enough to spring thirty or forty holes with, will you? I've got plenty of black up at Pilot. You can order it down by the time we are ready to blast."

In another hour the cañon looked as if a hive of bees had swarmed on the Cat's Paw. With shovels, picks, bars, hammers and drills, hearty in miners' boots and pied in woolen shirts, the first of Ed Smith's men were clambering into place. The field telegraph was set up on the bench above the point; every few moments a new batch of irrigation men appeared stringing up the ledge and with the roadmasters as lieutenants, Glover, on the apex of the low spur of the mountain, taking reports and giving orders, surveyed his improvised army

At the ends of the track where the roadbed had not completely disappeared the full force of section men, backed by the irrigation laborers, were busy patching the holes.

At the point where the break was complete and the Rat River was now viciously licking the vertical face of the rock a crew of men six feet above the track level were drilling into the first ledge a set of six-foot holes. On the next receding ledge, twelve feet above the old track level, a second crew were tamping a set of holes to be sunk twelve feet. Above them the drills were cutting into the third ledge, and still higher and farther back, at twenty feet, the largest of all the crews was sinking the eighteen-foot holes to complete the fracture of the great wall. Above the murmuring of the steel rang continuously the calls of the foremen, and hour after hour the shock of the drills churned up and down the narrow cañon

During each hour Glover was over every foot of the work and inspecting the track-building. If a track boss couldn't understand what he wanted the engineer could take a pick or a bar and give the man an object lesson. He patrolled the cañon walls, the roadmasters behind him, with so good an eye for loose boulders and fragments such as could readily be moved with a gad that his assistants, before a second round had spotted every handy chunk of rock within fifty feet of the water. He put his spirit into the men and they gave their work the enthusiasm of soldiers. But closest of all Glover watched the preparations for the blast on the Cat's Paw

CALLAHAN AND THE CHIEF OF CONSTRUCTION ON THE MOUNTAIN LINES EYED EACH OTHER COLDLY

Morris Blood in the mean time was sweeping the division for stone, ballast, granite, gravel, anything that would serve to dump on Glover's rock after the blast, and the two men were conferring on the track about the supplies when a messenger appeared with word for Glover that the president's party were coming down the cañon.

When Glover intercepted them they had already been guided to the granite bench where his headquarters were fixed. With Mr. Brock had come the young men and Miss Donner and Mrs. Whitney. Mrs. Whitney signalized her arrival by sitting down on a chest of dynamite—having intimidated the modest headquarters custodian by asking for a chair so imperiously that he was glad to walk away at her suggestion that he hunt one up—though there was not a chair within several miles. It had been no part of Glover's plan to receive his guests at that point and his first efforts, after his greetings, were to carry them away from the interest they expressed in the equipment of an emergency headquarters and get them back to where the track crossed the river. But when the young people learned that the blue-eyed boy at the little table on the rock could send a telegram or a cablegram for them to "any part of the world," each insisted on putting a message through for the fun of the thing, and even Mrs. Whitney could hardly be coaxed from the unlimited possibilities just under her.

With a feeling of relief Glover got them away from the giant powder which Ed. Smith's men were still bringing in, and up to the ledge across the river that commanded the whole scene, and was safely removed from its activities.

Glover took ten minutes to point out to the president the difficulties that would always confront the operating department in the cañon. He charted clearly for Mr. Brock the whole situation with the hope that when certain very heavy estimates went before the directors one man at least would understand the necessity for them. Mr. Brock was a good questioner, and his interest turned constantly from the general observations offered by Glover to the work immediately in hand, which the engineer had no mind to exploit. The young folks, however, were determined to see the blast, and it was only by strongly advising an early dinner and promising they should have due notice of the fireworks that Glover got rid of his visitors at all.

MR. BROCK WAS A GOOD QUESTIONER

He returned with them to the caboose in which they had come down, and when he got back to the work the big camp kettles were already slung along the bench and the engine bringing the car of black powder was steaming slowly into the upper cañon. On a flat boulder back of the cooks, Morris Blood, Ed. Smith and the roadmasters were sitting down to coffee and sandwiches and Glover joined them. Men in relays were eating at the camp and dynamiters were picking their way across the face of the Cat's Paw with the giant powder. The engineers were still eating when the scream of a locomotive whistle came through the cañon from below. Blood looked up. "There's one of the fast-mail engines, probably the 1026. Who in the world has brought her up?"

"More than likely," suggested Glover, finishing his coffee, "it's Bucks."

CHAPTER IV

PRECEDED by a track boss along the ledges where the blasting crew was already putting down the dynamite a man almost as large as Glover, and rigged in a storm cap and ulster, made his way toward the camp headquarters. The mountain men sprang to their feet with a greeting for the general manager—it was Bucks.

He took Blood's welcome with a laugh, nodded to the roadmasters, and pulling his cap from his head turned to grasp Glover's hand.

"I hear you're going to spoil some of our scenery, Ab. I thought I'd run up and see how much Government land you were going to move without a permit. Glad you got down so promptly. Callahan had nervous prostration for a while last night. I told him you'd have some sort of a trick in your bag but I didn't suppose you would spring the side of a mountain on us. Am I to have any coffee or not? What are you eating, dynamite? Why, there's Ed. Smith—what are you hanging back in the dark for, Ed? Come out here and show yourself. It was like you to lend us your men. If the boys forget it, I sha'n't."

"I'd rather see you than a hundred men," declared Glover.

"Then give me something to eat," suggested Bucks.

As he spoke, the snappy, sharp reports of exploding dynamite could be heard; they were springing the drill-holes. Bucks, sitting down on the boulder, wrapping the tails of his coat between his legs and taking coffee from Young, drank while the men talked. From the box-car below, Ed. Smith's men were packing the black powder up the trail to the Paw. When it began going into the holes, Glover went over to the ledge to oversee the charging.

In the Pittsburg train at Sleepy Cat an early dinner was being served to the cañon party. They had come back enthusiastic. The scenery was declared superb and the uncertainty of the situation fully satisfying. The riot of the mountain stream which, plunging now unbridled from wall to wall, had scoured the deep gorge for hundreds of feet, was a moving spectacle. The activity of the swarming laborers, preparing their one tremendous answer to the insolence of the river, had behind it the excitement of a game of chance. The stake, indeed, was eight solid trains of perishable freight and the gambler that had staked their whole value and his own reputation on one throw of the dice was their own easy mannered guide.

They discussed his chances with the indifference of spectators. Doctor Lanning, the only one of the young people who had ever done anything himself, was inclined to think Glover might win out. Allen Harrison was willing to wager that trains couldn't be got across a hole like that for another twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Whitney wondered why, if Mr. Glover were really a competent man, he could not have held his position as chief engineer of the system, but Doctor Lanning explained that frequently Western men of real talent were wholly lacking in ambition and preferred a free-and-easy life to one of constant responsibility; others, again, drank—and this suggestion opened a discussion as to whether Western men could possibly drink more than Eastern men and do business at all.

While the discussion proceeded there came a telegram from Glover telling Doctor Lanning that the blast would be made about seven o'clock. Preparations to start were completed as they rose from the table and Gertrude Brock and Marie were urged to join the party. Marie consented but Gertrude had a new book and would not leave it, and when the others left she joined her father and Judge Saltzer, her father's counselor, now with them, who were dining more leisurely at their own table.

Mr. Bucks met the doctor and his party at the head of the cañon and took them to the high ledge across the river where they had been brought by Glover in the morning. In the cañon it was already dark. Men were eating around campfires and in the narrow strip of eastern sky between the walls the moon was rising. Work trains with signal-lanterns were moving above and below the break, dumping ballast behind the track layers. At a safe distance from the coming blast a dozen headlights from the roundhouse were being prepared and the car-tinks from Sleepy Cat were rigging torches.

The blasting-powder in twenty-pound cans was being passed from hand to hand to the chargers. Score after score of the compact cans of high explosive had been packed into the scattered holes and, as if alive to what was coming, the chill air of the cañon took on the uneasiness of an atmosphere worn with electricity. Men of the operating department paced the bench impatiently and trackmen working below in the flare of scattered torches looked up oftener from their shovels to where a chain of active figures moved on the face of the cliff. Word passed again and again that the charging was done, but the orders came steadily from the gloom on the ledge for more powder until the last pound the engineer called for had been buried beneath his feet in the sleeping rock.

After a long delay a red light swung slowly to and fro on the ledge. From the extreme end of the cañon below the Cat's Paw came the crack of a track torpedo, answered almost instantly by a second, away above the break. It was the warning signal to get into the clear. There was a buzz of rapid movement among the laborers, in twos and threes and dozens, a ragged procession of lanterns and torches, they retreated, foremen urging the laggards, until only a single man at each end of the broken track kept within sight of the tiny red lantern on the ledge. Again it swung in a circle and again the torpedoes replied, this time, all clear.

The hush of a hundred voices, the silence of the bars and shovels and picks gave back to the gloomy cañon its loneliness and the roar of the river rose undisturbed to the brooding night.

On the ledge Glover was alone. The final detail he was taking into his own hands. The few that could still command the point saw the red light moving and beside it a figure vaguely outlined making its way. When the red light paused, a spark could be seen, a sputtering blaze would run slowly from it, hesitate, flare and die. Another and another of the fuses was touched and passed. Tier after tier was covered with quickening steps until those looking saw the red light flung at last into the air. It circled high between the cañon walls in its flight and dropped like a rocket into the Rat. A muffled report from the lower tier was followed by a heavier and still a heavier one above. A creeping pang shot the heart of the granite; from the tier of the upmost holes came the terrific burst of the heavy mines. The travail of an awful instant followed, the face of the spur parted from its side, toppled an instant in the confusion of its rending and with an appalling crash fell upon the river below.

With the fragments still tumbling, the nearest men started with a cheer from their concealment. Smoke, rolling white and sullen upward, obscured the moon, and the cañon air, salt and sick with gases, poured over the high point on which the Pittsburgers stood. Below, torches were shooting like fireflies out of the rock. From every vantage-point headlights flashed one after another unhooded on the scene and the song of the river mingled again with the calling of the foremen.

"That ends the fireworks," remarked Bucks presently to those about him. "Let us watch a moment for Mr. Glover's signal to me. As soon as he inspects he is to show signals on the Cat's Paw, and if it is a success we shall return at once to Sleepy Cat."

And by the way, Mr. Bucks, I shall expect you and Mr. Glover at the car for my game supper. Have you arranged for him to come?"

"I have, Mrs. Whitney, thank you."

"Oh, see those pretty, red lights over there now. What are they?" asked Louise, who stood with Allen Harrison.

"The signals," exclaimed Bucks. "Three fusees. Good for Glover; that means success. Shall we go?"

When the sightseers made their way out of the cañon, material trains working from both ends of the break were shoving their loaded flats noisily up to the ballasting crews and the water was echoing the clang of the spike mauls, the thud of tamping-irons, the clash of picks, the splash of tumbling stone and the ceaseless roll of shovels.

Foot by foot, length by length, the gap was shortened. Bribed by extra pay, driven by the bosses and stimulated by the emergency, the work of the graders became an effort close to fury. Watches were already consulted and wagers were being laid between rival foremen on the moment a train

(Continued on Page 19)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Grit is It.

¶ Experience is one teacher that takes no vacation

¶ Small vices make the big leaks in modern incomes

¶ Like all heroic ventures, matrimony demands enthusiasm.

¶ We call men "bores" when we want nothing more from them

¶ The young fool is only an amateur; the old fool is a finished artist.

¶ There is no such a bore as the happy lover—except the unhappy lover.

¶ Every dog has his good points, provided he doesn't belong to your neighbor

¶ Prosperity is a blessing which we appreciate after it is too late to save the surplus.

¶ Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to buy an encyclopædia on the installment plan

¶ If there is to be any more royal cutting-off in Servia, King Karageorgevitch might begin on his name

¶ What might have been in stock speculations generally doesn't happen when the speculator tries again.

The American Boy

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in acknowledging the enthusiastic reception given to him by his old friends at Oyster Bay on his recent return for the summer, said: "I am coming back to you whom I know so well. The older among you I have known for some thirty years and over, and my children are just now growing up here, just as I grew up, and I hope they will do better in keeping out of mischief."

In these mischievous words the President not only showed the boy that is in him but very faithfully voiced the sentiments of American fathers. We all expect our boys to do better than we did, whether it be keeping out of mischief or getting into success. For more centuries than history tells about, the same thought has run through the parental mind.

Each gray-haired generation has looked with misgiving on its boys. When our forebears took to caves they cried aloud at the luxury of the youths who wanted something better than dirt floors.

"Ah, there are no longer any children," wrote Molière more than two centuries ago, and we hear it repeated every day. Boys are not what they used to be, declares the critic in speech and print. The American boys are incorrigible, assert the foreigners who write books about this country.

But the boys do not mind the criticisms. We doubt if they take the time to read them. They have too many interests, and too many mischiefs. They are on the go. They belong to the edge of Civilization's most advanced lines. They crowd to the front to see the processions. The thing they never do is to keep still—except when they are asleep.

Would we have it otherwise? Not for worlds. Life would be much more solemn for our strenuous President if the younger Roosevelts did not get into new mischiefs equal to the old ones which he knew so well. And that illustrates a curious fact in the adult make-up: the average father is never fully satisfied unless his boy meets his own record in the harmless indiscretions of knickerbocker days. Few fathers are any too proud of sons who are absolutely good and proper on any and all occasions. Perhaps, however, it's because they are afraid something will happen to them.

Boys of to-day do better than their fathers did when they were boys. They have larger opportunities. They come into better inheritances. They belong to happier days. The fathers recall that they were abundantly chastised when they wore short pantaloons. It was a part of the general ethics of the time. But modern fathers have seen in the right light the contradiction of a civilization that denounces even the flogging of criminals and allows the whipping of children. So the modern boys escape the sore spots—and they *were* sore! And they are all the better for their fortune.

We believe the boys of to-day are just about the best boys of any age and that the best of them are to be found in this Land of the Free, whose liberty, it sometimes seems, they almost monopolize.

The Clothes and the Man

WHEN King Edward was about to visit a fashionable sporting club near London a few weeks ago, each member received this notice: "The (King's) Equerry desires to mention that His Majesty will wear a tall hat and hopes that as many people as possible will do the same."

That is the sort of thing which brought dress into disrepute with many sensible people. But the solemn folly of kings and the exaggerations of fops cannot destroy a substantial fact of life. To be properly clean and properly dressed is important to a man's character and progress. It is a duty to himself, a courtesy to others. And more and more the neglect of it is a handicap. Dress will carry a fool far; it will enable merit to gain speedier recognition. It will beguile prosperity and plausibly give the lie to adversity.

To be well dressed is not so easy that a sensible man should disdain it; nor is it so hard that a sensible man should grudge the thought given to it

The Blurring of the Boundaries

UNEASY Latins with access to influential prints are highly nervous because the two English-speaking nations—"Anglo-Saxon," they call them—will own the two great canals, Suez and the one through the Central American Isthmus. To speak of Britain, the composite of Scotch and Irish and Welsh and Saxon and Dane and Norman and Semitic, as "Anglo-Saxon" is quaint enough; to speak of the United States as "Anglo-Saxon" is laughable. But this aside, how is it possible for any one who reads history to hope for the persistence of a race. Latin and Anglo-Saxon are loose ethnological expressions; even national names are evanescent and in the great historic spread insignificant geographical expressions. It is as idle for a race or a nation to hope for immortality as it would be for an individual. The only value in any tangible physical thing in all this world is its contribution toward the one mundane immortality—ideas. Race or nation or individual is of value to the world just in proportion as it works not for self but for some idea fraught with good to mankind. Identity is vanity's idlest and vainest dream. In a world so largely ruled by vanity identity has its use as a stimulant to those who cannot rise to the higher conception—the conception that, for example, nerved Washington eagerly to retire to the deepest privacy at his first opportunity. But who has the vanity of identity so abnormally developed that he would seriously wish his race or his country to outlive its usefulness and with the strangling grasp of the dead hand retard the progress of the world?

Besides, we human tribes, always tending to mix and mingle, are becoming so interfused nowadays that to attempt to divide us into races is much like trying to determine which drop of the ocean came from which river or cloud.

The Uses of Travel

MUCH can be said for foreign travel as a destroyer of foreign-devilism. But much can be said for it as a promotor of foreign devilism. Orient and Occident felt far friendlier each toward the other until Occidentals took to Oriental "horizon-bursting" for other purposes than the exchange of goods. They seem to get and to make a bad impression. All the world knows that the English travel chiefly to confirm their preconceived loathing for foreigners. As for us Americans, unless we are seasoned venturers into foreign parts, we leap furiously from one band of robbers to another. And any benefits we get are received through a dense and confused fog of worriments about proper change, proper tips, counterfeit money and the meaning of those spidery figures in restaurant, hotel and shop bills—figures whose uncertain lines seem to change as we look at them, scrawly threes into eights, scraggly ones into sevens or nines.

No first impressions in foreign parts do not dispel foreign devilism; they aggravate it. The telegraph and literature are the best missionaries—when they are sensible and generous and don't expect anything of human beings anywhere but human nature.

Rich Men's Handicaps

"IT DOES seem unjust, doesn't it," said a rich young man to a poor young man, "that merely through the accident of birth I should have everything for which you will have to work."

And the poor young man admitted that it was, but he spared the other's vanity by failing to explain on which side the injustice lay. For, as a matter of fact, in a world where the only possible road to content and happiness is the road of labor, what short of a terrible physical or mental task could be so great an injustice as to be condemned from the outset to exclusion from all the great joys of life?

There is a notion that a leisure or "semi-leisure" class—whatever that may be—in some way tends to promote refinement and higher civilization. The fact upon the surface of history past and present is that leisure produces coarseness and mental deterioration in the overwhelming majority of those who have it, whereas all civilization is the product of toil pursued under compulsion.

There are two extremely gratifying tendencies noticeable in American Society to-day. One is the flight of a certain kind of rich Americans from America to England and other European countries where the ancient and foolish delusions about the degradation of labor persists. The other is the increasing doubt of rich parents as to the wisdom of bringing up their children to "expectations" and of leaving them fortunes which cut them off from every avenue of achievement

Good Sense and Good Company

A CLEVER young man who was not making the progress to which his talents and industry seemed to entitle him, went to a much older man for advice. "The trouble with you," said his friend, "is the company you keep. You associate with young fellows who know about as much or less than you do. The result is that you give and get nothing or little in return. You grow only when you are deliberately working at growth, whereas you ought to grow fastest when you are apparently merely enjoying yourself."

To associate with those who are less than one is oneself is both easy and satisfactory to one's vanity. But it is beyond question a waste of time. And it encourages a man to be content with cheap triumphs—a spark makes a great showing in a dark room.

The theory that the only relaxations for the mind are things bordering on insanity or imbecility, the theory that to be serious is to be dull, to be purposeful is to be priggish—those are the inventions of the lazy for their own excusing and for making for themselves as much as possible of that company whereof misery is proverbially fond.

Are We a Better People?

WHY do so many of our conspicuous thinkers and speakers lose their sense of proportion when they discuss our national life? It is no new thing for the rich to be luxurious, the reckless to be prodigal, the adventurous to gamble and the idle to toil at dissipation. These phenomena, always to be found in any community, are important only when the dominant class is dominated by them

In Europe the dominant classes are the conspicuous, the leisure classes. Not so in America. With us the dominant class is the vast body of steady workers, independent and always sufficiently assertive in public affairs in our crises. In this class how much less gambling and drinking there is than formerly. And certainly its moral standards must be rising, since for the first time in history there is talk of scrutinizing the sources of wealth. In the glorious days of the fathers, in Puritan New England, who thought of looking askance at fortunes made by dealing in the vilest liquors and by slave trading? What criticized fortune of our day was made in a way comparable to that hideous traffic in bodies and souls?

No, the America of to-day contains a better people than ever before—the splendid product of a free democracy and the producers of a more splendid democracy to come. It is shallow to fancy that the offensive classes are rotting it, as they would were they dominant. On the contrary, they are sloughing from it. Let us not exaggerate them, but—let us do all in our power to expedite them.

Men and Women of the Hour

Little Stories of Contemporaries

WHEN ex-Senator Palmer of Michigan, was President of the World's Columbian Exposition Company, he was also a heavy stockholder in a Detroit newspaper.

The editor of the newspaper thought it would be a fine thing to print an interview with President Palmer, not only because of its news value, but because the paper practically belonged to him. So he sent his brightest man to Chicago.

The young man tried for a week to get in to see Palmer Each day he sent in his card a dozen times and each time it was returned with the information that Palmer was "too busy." Meantime the Detroit editor had begun to telegraph viciously for that interview

The Detroit reporter was in despair. Finally he hunted up a friend on one of the big Chicago papers and went in with him. As they entered, President Palmer turned and looked at the Chicago man "Hello," he said, "I see you have one of your country newspaper friends with you."

The Detroit reporter tried to laugh and couldn't. He tried to get an interview and couldn't. Palmer was deaf to all entreaties. It made no difference to him that he practically owned the paper the young man represented. The situation grew strained, especially for the Detroit reporter. Then President Palmer fixed things. He gave the reporter a bunch of gondola tickets and told him to go and ride them all out and come back

"When I went back," said the reporter recently, in telling the story, "he gave me more tickets; and I'll be hanged if he didn't keep me riding in gondolas all summer and never did give me my interview."

The Pearl of Peacemakers

BEFORE the Spanish-American War there were numerous conferences between the leaders of the Senate and House in Washington, usually held at the residence of some Cabinet member

At the most exciting stage, Senator Allison, of Iowa, the great compromiser, came into a conference where there were a dozen of the biggest men in the Government

"Well, Allison," said Secretary Hay, "which side have you been helping to-day—those who want war or those who do not?"

Senator Allison rubbed his hands "I have been doing a little for both," he said.

A First Lesson in the Reporter's Primer

"GOLDEN RULE" JONES, the Mayor of Toledo, Ohio, is well named. He is the personification of kindness and heartiness.

When William J. Bryan was making his ante-election tour in 1900, Mayor Jones was one of the party on the Bryan [illegible] for a time.

At Syracuse, New York, a timid young reporter, awed by his first big assignment, came on board the Bryan train to interview Mr. Bryan. He was nervous and frightened. He stood awkwardly in one corner of the car until Mayor Jones spied him and beckoned him.

Jones put his hand kindly on the young reporter's shoulder and asked: "Who are you, son?"

"I represent the Syracuse Everyday," stammered the boy.

"Well, well," said Jones, "I'm glad to see you. We're all glad to see you. Sit right down here and represent."

They Do It Differently Here

PERHAPS Count Cassini's coachman, who tried to drive his master up a street under repair, remembered the famous experience of the coachman of Senator Burrows. This coachman, when stopped by a policeman as he was trying to drive through some police lines, said: "Now look here, Mr. Cop, my boss is inside and he's in a hurry. He makes the laws and he appropriates money for policemen's pay. You just move aside." That was enough

At any rate, the Cassini coachman was vastly indignant "Let me by," he said; "I drive the Russian Ambassador."

"Can't do it," replied the man who was keeping carriages off the street under repair

The coachman spoke volubly in French. Then he came back to English and announced: "I drive Count Cassini, Master of the Imperial Court of Russia, and Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the Russian Empire."

"G'wan down the other street," replied the guard, unmoved. "I wouldn't let you through if you were driving a free-born American citizen."

A Verdict in Record Time

JUSTICES HARLAN and McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court, are ardent golfers. They play at the Chevy Chase Club in Washington. Justice Harlan is a giant and Justice McKenna a dapper little man. Justice Harlan has a good drive, while Justice McKenna, has accumulated faultless form, but cannot hit the ball

They were playing together one day and Justice Harlan made a mighty drive on one of the shorter links. The ball was lost. They hunted it for fifteen minutes and were just about to give it up when the Harlan caddy gave a whoop and began dancing about on the green. They rushed there as fast as a Supreme Court Justice can consistently rush, and found that the ball had rolled into the cup. Justice Harlan had made the hole in one!

Justice McKenna gasped. Then, as he turned sorrowfully back to his own puny drive, he said: "The Lord certainly moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Not a Steeplechase

A YOUNG man living in Washington was appointed a colonel of cavalry on the staff of a Western Governor. He hastily secured a colonel's uniform, and when he was invited to a reception at the White House appeared resplendent

He had a sabre and a pair of big silver-plated spurs, to say nothing of yards of gold lace and cord. He had never worn a sword before, having been trained to the arts of peace, and he made a mess of it. As he went down the line to greet the President he stumbled half a dozen times over his sword, tripped on it, and once fell over it

"Young man," said General Corbin, who was watching the performance, "you'll be all right if you disabuse your mind of the thought that that thing you're wearing is a hurdle. It isn't. It's a sword"

A Progressive Editor

A VERY rich man once bought a newspaper. It was an afternoon newspaper, and he was interested in it for a month or two. One of his ideas was the publication of a noon edition that should contain more news than the noon editions of his competitors. He thought hard on this problem and finally decided it would be a great stroke to print the decisions of the United States Supreme Court at twelve o'clock each Monday when the Court was in session

This plan was complicated somewhat by the fact that the Supreme Court does not meet until noon. However, the editor was equal to the emergency. He telegraphed to his Washington correspondent: "See the Supreme Court at on and have them meet at eleven o'clock so we can get the decisions in our noon edition."

Senator Palmer's Curfew

EX-SENATOR THOMAS W PALMER, of Michigan, has a handsome country place near Detroit. When the Senator has a houseful of guests this dialogue between himself and his factotum "Jim" occurs regularly every evening about nine o'clock

"Jim, is everything all right?"

"Yessir"

"Have the horses and stock been fed, and are the stables and other buildings locked for the night?"

"Yessir."

"Are all of my guests comfortable? Have they plenty to smoke and drink and books to read and everything else they have asked for?"

"Yessir."

"Everybody has dined and everything is all straight and right?"

"Yessir."

"Well, Jim, you just stick your head out of that window and tell the world to go to thunder."

A Chance for Fighting Bob

THROUGH a typographical error in the title, a bill came to the Senate reading "A bill to retire pretty officers in the Navy," etc., when it should have read "petty" officers.

Senator Tillman, who is no great shakes for beauty himself, saw the bill, read the title and said: "That's a good idea Retire all the pretty officers and give Bob Evans a chance

Only Fours Could Beat It

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says the incident on his long trip that amused him most occurred at a small town in Kansas where a two-minute stop was made

The President had been talking freely of his "race-suicide" notions that day. When this particular stop was [illegible] people on the rear platform of the car with the President noticed a man who had three small children propped up on his shoulders and a woman close beside him carrying two babies

The speech was going along smoothly when suddenly the man with the three children broke in with a voice that could be heard a quarter of a mile: "Hey! Teddy," he shouted, "can you beat this? It's a full house, Teddy," he yelled "Triplets and twins three of a kind and a pair!"

A Chronicle of Internecine War

THE pension hunters give thousands of reasons why Government bounty should be extended to them. Commissioner Ware thought he knew them all, but he received a letter a day or two ago from a battle-scarred veteran who advanced a new proposition that he intends to have framed

It read: "I got blud puison by beingge hitt with a hens eg wen I cam back frum the frunt. The eg was not good wen you send my penshun I want the Deed mad sos my wife can't get nun of it—she throde the eg. She war a rebel. If she gets it I wil have fit and bled for nuthin."

A Long Memory

"PRIVATE" JOHN ALLEN, of Mississippi, formerly Member of Congress and now a United States Commissioner to the St Louis Exposition, stood watching the great parade of the Grand Army of the Republic

"That's a fine lot of men," commented Allen, who fought all through the Civil War on the Confederate side. "There is something strangely familiar about them. It seems that I have seen many of them bef[illegible]

"Do you mean to say," asked Senator Mason, of Illinois, who stood alongside, "that you recognize any of those faces nearly forty years after the close of the War?"

Not faces," said Allen; "backs."

A Meteoric College Course

THE State College of Iowa recently conferred the degree of M.A. on Robert B. Armstrong, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. When Mr Armstrong was a student at the college he had a job pollenizing flowers for experimental purposes. This work took him to the roof of one of the college buildings one day, and it also led him to fall down a sixty-foot elevator shaft. He landed in the cellar, badly disorganized.

The President of the college came around to see Armstrong

"Young man," he said, "I congratulate you."

"On what?" asked Armstrong, weakly.

"Why, on your meteoric career here. I understand you have just gone through college in twenty seconds."

A Commonplace Hero—By W. R. Lighton

"AN' I SAY YOU LOST 'EM OR STOLE 'EM"

NOWADAYS we have cheapened heroism by making it a fad We like to boast that every citizen is a potential hero, that from the front of the sea to the inner fastnesses of the Western wilderness are hordes of men who want only convenient opportunity to do all manner of big bloody things. But this story has nothing to do with that type: it relates to one who waited for no large opportunity, who never messed in other people's blood—one who, compared with the usual hero, might be called a commonplace god

It is a big price that a man must pay for the sake of being a god. He must take things as they come, confidently and without question, and he must be denied all knowledge of his divinity. Terry Madden paid the whole price. He wore with a good grace his thorn-crown, a blue uniform-cap of the Metropolitan & Suburban Street Railway Company, bearing a metal plate that was marked, "Conductor No. 63." That cap was lined with thorns that pricked deep; but he nursed no discontent, and in his heart there lurked no bitterness; for his monthly pay of forty dollars gave food, clothes and a roof to his wife and children, whom he loved as became a god. And he did not dream that he was anything more than a workman, unconsidered, underpaid, but glad to hold his place against the dozens of men waiting and anxious to supplant him

The first shift of men had to report at the car barn for duty at five o'clock in the morning The earliest car did not leave the barn until a quarter before six, but there were many things to be done in the interval, and it was a hard and fast rule that the men must be on time. Terry lived three miles from the barn, and in a district where the early "pick up" car did not go; so he had to walk, and that took three quarters of an hour. His baby had been taken sick in the night, and he deflected from his every-day route to call a doctor. The doctor slept heavily; several minutes passed before he opened the door and stood blinking and scowling in the hall light. Terry gave his message at once, but lingered to tell what he could of the child's symptoms and to know what the doctor thought.

"Teething convulsions, most likely," the doctor said. "I'll go right down, as soon as I can dress."

"Is it dangerous?" Terry asked

I can't tell yet. Sometimes. If the child's strong it ought to pull through

"She ain't overstrong," Terry said Then, remembering his day's work, he went away in haste.

He was ten minutes behind time in reaching the barn, and the superintendent left his other duties to record the fact and to swear over the record. His eyes were the eyes of a vulture in seeing the men's shortcomings, a mole's for seeing their virtues

I couldn't help it," Terry explained "My baby's sick an' I had to go for the doctor."

"Don't make a profane bit o' difference," the superintendent sputtered. "Rules is rules, an' you know 'em as well as anybody. This is twice you been late this month. I'm goin' to give your car to a sub, first trip, an' if you're late again you'll get a lay-off. I mean it. Now get to your car an' help put in them fuses"

So Terry was delayed for nearly two hours in beginning his day's work, which meant that he would be "docked" and a part of his pay subtracted It was a loss he could not afford, even with his full pay it was hard to squirm debt-free through the month. On his first trip he worried not a little with the barren effort to find an untried economy. If the cars reached the end of the line on time, they stood for three minutes before beginning the return-trip; and those minutes were precious, for they allowed the men to ease their aching feet and to enjoy a breath of smoke. But on this trip Terry was not in his accustomed mood; from force of habit he drew his pipe from his pocket, but its heavy odor offended him, and he put it away. The motorman saw and wondered. Terry was known as a passionate smoker, and of all men on the line the most skilful in getting his pipe started, so that not an instant of the short season of liberty need be wasted

Here, Terry," the motorman called, holding up his pouch. He guessed that Terry was out of tobacco. Terry shook his head, then stepped down and scrambled forward along the running-board

'No," he said, dropping heavily into the seat beside the motorman; "I don't want to smoke, Billy; it don't seem to smell right."

"I know," Billy said in sympathy. "I was that way, once, when I had a headache But it'll taste twice as good next trip. It did with me"

Terry sat leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands, his eyes clouded—a manner quite out of keeping with his usual light-heartedness Billy sought to rally him

"Pay-day, Terry," he said cheerily

Terry's face showed a momentary tendency to brighten; but the brightening did not come in fact. He consulted his watch, then swung slowly back to his place on the rear platform, grasping the bell-rope to give the starting signal. Two or three passengers were in the car, and a fat old lady was coming down a side street, in plunging, breathless bursts of speed, waving her umbrella wildly. Terry stood with his hand upon the rope, waiting for her to come up. After the fashion of her kind, she walked for the length of the car and back again, looking at the seats in indecision, until Terry spoke with mild impatience.

"One seat's as hard as another. Hurry up, ma'am

She carried several bulky packages, loosely wrapped in newspaper, and these she bestowed upon the seat with care before she clambered ponderously aboard. Then she turned and beckoned to Terry, and as he crept by the running board to her seat she grasped his arm and leaned over to whisper

"Say, Mister, I ain't got ary nickel to pay my fare with; but I got to ride, some way; I just *got* to. My darter Lizzie, that's married to Sam Williams—him that runs the yard engine—mebbe you know him—she sent me word to come right straight down to the house, because she's been took with a spell. She's had them spells ever since her baby come, an' when she gits 'em the' ain't nobody can do for her but me; an' besides, the' ain't nobody there to look after the young ones, neither. I just *got* to go; an' it's away down on Castle Street, so's I ain't able to walk, an' I didn't have ary nickel in the house to ride with, so I just went an' to let me ride for nothin' this trip; an if you'll gimme your name, an' whereabouts you live, I'll bring the nickel up to you myself, soon as Lizzie gits so's I can leave her I know it sounds like a beggar; but you see I just *got* to git there."

Hers was a plain old face, with no apparent womanly charm, but as Terry looked into her faded eyes, that were so anxious and embarrassed, he was affected by a charm that lay deeper than appearances. As he listened, his thoughts flashed to his own home and his child. There remained to him only twenty cents of the last month's pay; but he transferred a precious coin from his private to his official pocket and rang up the fare

'That's all right, ma'am," he said lightly. "I guess the comp ny can stand it. You needn't bother fetchin' it back'

She beamed with gratitude and relief "I'm a thousan' times obligated to ye," she said. "And say, I wish you'd just hitch up the strings a little on these here bundles o' mine; will ye? I done 'em up in such a rush; an' then I can't wrap up a bundle right, nohow. There's just my nightgown, an' my gingham wrapper, an' a few things I'll need. I don't want to git 'em spilled all over the street."

So Terry stood with his arm locked around the seat-rail, and with patient fingers made the loose knots tight; and while he worked he said casually:

I got a sick kid at home, myself."

'Have you?" she asked with sincere concern. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Doctor said it was likely teethin' convulsions

"Oh, shucks!" she cried. "Doctor! Why, man alive! you don't need no doctor for teethin' fits—you wouldn't, not if I'd been there. Why, my land! all you got to do is to put the baby in a hot bath, an' keep it quiet. Sakes! I was scared to death when my Lizzie was teethin'; but the' ain't a bit o' sense in it, not a bit

She would have talked without end but that Terry's work called him away. Several times in the course of the long ride she beckoned him to her for another word; her interest in his child was almost proprietary. When he had helped her from the car and had laid her bundles upon her outstretched arms, she lingered to say again:

"I'm a thousan' times obligated to ye an' I hope your baby'll git along all right. She will, too, if you just do like I told ye."

When the car had started, Billy was grinning with enjoyment.

"Well, I'll be jiggered'" he called over his shoulder; "kind of a lady-killer, ain't you?"

Terry laughed and nodded in perfect sympathy with Billy's humor.

Soon after noon there was a three hours' respite from work On any other day Terry would have gone home for news of the sick child, but this was pay-day, and he had to take his place in a long line of men filing slowly past the desk in the superintendent's office, signing their monthly vouchers and having their money doled to them. He could not miss that ceremony. But his heart sank as he counted his money, it amounted to only thirty seven dollars.

"You ain't dockin' me three dollars for this mornin', are ye?" he asked

No," the superintendent said curtly. "There was that wrench an' them nippers that was lost out of your tool-kit, couple weeks ago. You got to pay for them."

Terry waited for an awkward second before he could speak calmly. "I didn't lose the tools Billy an' me both said they wasn't in the box at all

"An' *I* say you lost 'em or stole 'em, one or the other," the superintendent answered, "an' you got to pay for 'em. Now move on."

Terry held his tongue and went away from the desk, putting his money into his pocket.

The Good of the Old with the Best of the New

Fox

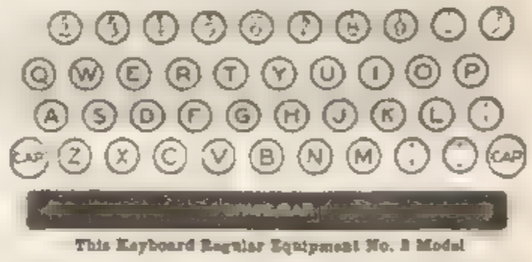
Some Things Worth Knowing About Typewriters

In THE SATURDAY EVENING POST under date of June 20th we noticed several advances that had been made in the last five years in typewriter construction, and we stated that during this time more improvements in building typewriters had been made than in all the time previous.

The features shown in that number were the type-bar and hanger and the escapement. The construction of the first on the Fox Typewriter being such as to give the greatest durability combined with perfect alignment at all times, and that of the second to give the greatest speed, in each of which features the Fox Typewriter is unapproached by any other writing machine

In the present number we call attention to the keyboard and the key dip, and desire a comparison of these features as they are found on the Fox Typewriter with similar features found on other standard machines.

The "Fox" Keyboard



This Keyboard Regular Equipment No. 3 Model

Universal arrangement of letters, 39 keys writing 78 characters, and equipped with double comma and double period keys, a distinct advantage, shift key on either side, with shift lock on right side and so arranged as to unlock by simply pressing either shift key. Margin release located in keyboard instantly accessible. No other keyboard arrangement will give speed equal to the above; any operator will admit this, yet it is only one of the features which place the Fox Typewriter in a class by itself

If it were possible to print a letter without depressing a key, then perfection would be reached as far as that particular construction was concerned. To date this has not been possible, but it naturally follows that the typewriter having the shortest key depression is the nearest perfection in this respect. The key depression on the Fox Typewriter is ½ in. and is uniform, all keys being exactly alike, on all other typewriters the key depression is from ⅜ to ⅞ of an inch and on many fully an inch, and very frequently is not uniform; the advantage the operator of a Fox Typewriter has is readily apparent. The cut shows the arrangement of the key levers and the key depression.

Key Levers, Showing Key Depression

While we will illustrate other features in this publication from time to time, we have prepared a special book showing all the construction of "THE FOX" and just where it differs from other machines. The entire story in a "Nut Shell." Send for it, it's free.

Our free trial plan enables any responsible person or firm to try "THE FOX" for 30 days without incurring any obligation. From the standpoint of economy, not alone of money, but of time, labor and worry, it will pay you to examine "THE FOX."

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Some of the men had heard, and one said to him

Say, I wouldn't stand that. That's rotten

The fire had not gone from Terry's eyes and for an instant he longed for the fine liberty of a single life, that he might say and do what was in his mind; but that passed

"Oh, I guess I can stand it," he said "I got to keep my job, you know

When the car waited at the end of the next out-trip, Terry filled his pipe with speed, but he did not light it; instead, he suddenly cracked the stem between his fingers, then crushed the bowl under his heel and kicked the fragments into the street. He laughed when he saw that Billy's eyes were upon him

I'm done smokin', Billy," he said "I'm goin' to spend my fifteen cents a week buyin' pink silk pajammers for the heathen

This time Billy's guess was shrewder "Say, Terry, you ain't hard up, are ye?

Not partic'lar," Terry answered. "A feller couldn't be, you know, not on my pay unless he was ter'ble reckless

"No; but honest, look here," Billy persisted; "I ain't got anybody to look after If you're pinched, you can have some o mine

No thanks, Billy," Terry said gravely "I'm much obliged

I know what I'd do " Billy said after a minute's silence "if I was you, an' they'd treated me that a-way, about them tools, I'd just play my register was out of order "

Terry's eyes narrowed a little: but he could not be offended with Billy

I been with the comp'ny four years, an I ain't never knocked down a cent yet," he said

"It's awful easy," Billy remarked

I know 'tis," said Terry

An' all the other boys does it " Billy persisted

I know they do," said Terry

Billy knocked the dottle from his pipe and stretched his legs wearily. "Well, all right," he said. "But I would, if 'twas me

For a part of the afternoon Terry made the time pass quickly by trying to smother his anger for the injustice that had been done him; but when evening came, and he had eaten his three-minute supper of crackers and cheese, bought from the little grocery at the end of the line, his anger was all gone and its place taken by simple anxiety. With all his heart he longed to know the state of things at home. There were still three round trips to be made before he could get release, and that seemed a long wait. He was tortured by the deadly monotony of the hours, by the hundred familiar sights along the route, by the purring hum of the motor and by the small details of his duty. At eleven o'clock he left his car for another that went in the direction of his home He was worn and tired far beyond his wont his feet burned and his head throbbed fiercely with every movement

When he was within sight of the house, he hardly dared go on. An unaccustomed light was burning in the upstairs hall, and he feared the worst He let himself in quietly by the back door and lit the kitchen lamp Upon the table his midnight meal was set out bread and butter, some slivers of crisped bacon and a cup of cold black coffee; but he did not stop for that. He slipped off his shoes and stole upon tiptoe upstairs and into his wife's room. By the light from the hall he saw that she was sleeping, with the child lying quiet by her side. He put out his hand and touched her forehead, and she started awake, clasping his hand and pressing it to her lips

"Oh, Terry!" she said eagerly; "the baby's ever so much better

Thank God!" said Terry fervently

The child stirred in its sleep, and they spoke in whispers

The doctor said it wasn't anything but her teeth," the woman said, "and he told me just to put her in a warm bath, and let her keep still as she could; and she's been a lot better all day.

Terry knelt and kissed his wife tenderly, then he took the lamp from the hall and went into the room opposite, where two little boys were sleeping, lying close together in their bed. They had kicked away the bedclothing, and their naked, sturdy legs and sun-browned faces were beautiful to see Terry stood for a moment, winking hard, before he went back to the doorway of his wife's room

Molly he whispered, "God's ter'ble good to me

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"This worried me so and I was so weak and nervous I was almost a wreck, and had to stay in bed most of the time, and the result was that I had to put baby on the bottle. After trying this for a week the poor little thing did not thrive and I thought she would surely die.

"Then along came a friend who begged me to try Grape-Nuts food although neither she nor I thought it would cause me to have nourishment for baby. But I concluded to eat Grape-Nuts and began that same day with good results.

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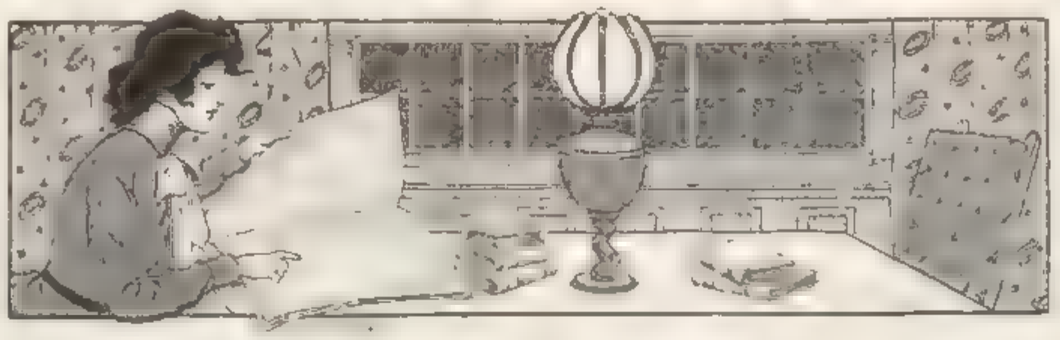

By LUCY MONROE

THE novitiate of a novelist is not quite so simple a thing as it seems to the world. It is not even so simple as it seems to himself. He looks forward to a pleasant dalliance with the muse—a kind of flirtation which requires a few easy compliments and does not involve him too seriously To the average man—and more especially to the average woman—the writing of a novel demands neither preparation nor apprenticeship. No other art seems so easy. He would decline to play the violin if he had not tried it, he would hesitate to take up palette and brushes to sketch the face of his nearest friend, he would be quite certain that the building of a skyscraper required some preliminary knowledge of mathematics and design. But if he have the inclination he starts in upon a novel as fearlessly, as blithely, as though it were a walk through the woods The difficulties he encounters by the way are mere snags which may be jumped or brooks which may be forded. He feels himself abundantly able to overcome such obstacles, and it is only experience that teaches him that they exact payment in dampness and bruises. At the end of the journey he finds himself somewhat worn and battered, but if he is made of the right stuff he begins another, chastened by a more accurate knowledge of his own limitations

The Debt to Criticism

It is difficult to gauge his indebtedness for [illegible] measure of his ability to the criticism that comes from without. Usually his literary chaperon is a publisher's reader, for to him is given an air of authority, unworthy that he is, which lends his opinion weight To him—or to her, for he is sometimes feminine—the manuscript is submitted in some confidence, for in spite of the snags and pitfalls the confidence has by this time returned. The aspirant is sure that he has done something worth while, something far better than most of the novels which fill the windows of the bookseller. Sometimes he makes an effort to hide this certainty, but frequently he blurts it out, modestly concealing perhaps, his own opinion in favor of the superior wisdom of his friends. He offers reasons why the story should command the attention of the public, why it should hypnotize the critics He is graciously content to abide by the decision of the publisher, but nevertheless he is quite sure that he has done a new thing in a new way. He is busy with other matters, of course, and has worked at this only at odd moments, but he is confident that it hangs together. No, he has had very little experience. He wrote a few stories in college and he has always intended to do something with them. But this is his first novel. He found it pleasant work, though he grew rather tired of it before the end. He was sure in any case that it would be popular But he would leave it for a reading and he was very anxious for an early decision.

So he takes his leave, quite oblivious of the impression he has made. If the reader is wise, she forgets this impression before taking up the manuscript. Often it reflects the personality of the writer, but not always, not inevitably. One learns after a while to try to approach every embryo book without preconceived opinions, with a mind absolutely blank. A surprise may lurk in any package, and it is best to expect surprises, to be sure of nothing. In her rôle of guide and instructor lies perhaps the hardest part of the editor's task. She cannot escape the importunities of the guileless or the pleas of the more serious. Untitled as she may feel herself to be for the position of mentor, it is a part of the game and cannot be slighted Her letters of rejection are taken as signposts, her criticisms as warnings, her praise as lights to mark out the way. The most trivial word assumes a terrifying importance. The letters written in haste are sometimes repented at leisure

No man can carry out the ideas of another. It is the work that grows out of oneself—believing in it, delighting in it—that counts. Gradually an editor learns that it is useless to plan a revision, to mark out a scheme for changing a completed novel. A revision that is forced will have no value. A change that the author does not believe in—that is not a part of himself—is sure to be artificial Yet discussion of a book is by no means unprofitable. Sometimes an idea is thereby set adrift which reaches a safe harbor in the author's mind. Sometimes a suggestion is uttered which he expands into vitality and makes a part of himself. In this way alone is guidance useful. To be effective to the real talent it must efface itself

There are so many, though, so pitifully many, who do not possess the real talent And to them the lightest advice is gospel They struggle manfully to follow it. With painful effort they try to find a light that they cannot quite see, to secure qualities which they cannot quite understand. The editor looks on, impotently dumb, uncomfortably certain of the ultimate result. The only consolation lies in the healthfulness of the struggle. Even if it is never reached, the goal is worth the effort and any man is better for the trying. He is better, perhaps, too, for the disappointment, but this he is the last to realize and it does not console him.

Of this species there are many types and none of them without a certain human interest. There is the sweet-faced woman, for example, who, with no confidence in her own judgment, is still determined to succeed. She comes in with a kind of breathlessness in her voice, an excitement in her eyes, and the editor's heart goes out to her

"Would it be giving you too much trouble," she says, "to ask you to read this novel again? I hate to take up your time and I know it is still far from right. But I have worked so hard at it. And for a year I have tried in every way to improve it. You have no idea how I have struggled to make it good enough for you to read."

"I shall be delighted to read it," the editor answers in a mood of unusual humility "You must not think for a moment that it is an imposition"

"Oh, I know it has all kinds of faults, but if you will only point them out to me it will be such a help. I shall take it up again and struggle with it another year if necessary, and another, and another. I must make it good. I have set my heart upon it."

Out of a Full Heart

"Yet you have so many other interests," wondered the editor. "The work that you do in medicine must be absorbing. And your home—that, doubtless, is a care and a [illegible]

Yes she answered, with that lovely earnestness in her eyes. "I have enough besides. But somehow this has taken hold of me. I want to do some real good in the world. I see so much suffering. People are so terribly unjust. And if I can only put them right, even in a little way, I shall feel that I have done something."

"But you don't realize," protested the editor, "how much you do help every day. Even if this fails, you have not failed. Your mere presence, your ideas, your generosity are enough. It is so much better, after all, to know how to live than to know how to write"

[illegible] she could not quite grasp. Her splendid humility kept her from understanding it She went away quite unconscious that she was much more stimulating to the editor than the latter could ever be to her.

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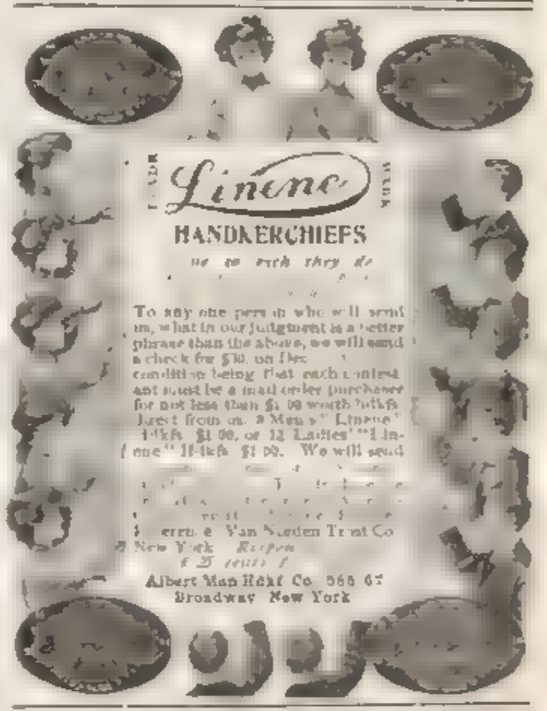

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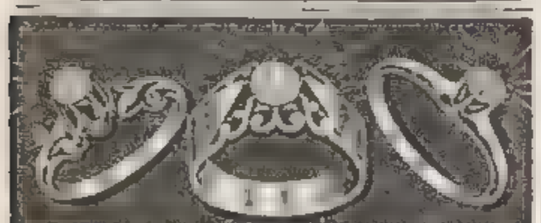

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It was only a moment or two later that the guide and counsellor in literary bypaths was called upon for another kind of advice. The office seemed too small for the next invader, a breezy young fellow, slender, and quick in his movements. He was alert enough to be a successful reporter, and he knew quite as definitely what he wanted.

"You know that book I told you about the other day," he began, and after a brief inward search the editor remembered. "Well I've brought in a few pages and I want you to give me an opinion of the style."

"But I do not in the least like to do that," she answered, obviously shrinking from the task—it is so difficult to read a manuscript in the presence of the hopeful author. "I could not give you a fair opinion upon a sample like that. It would not be just to yourself."

But he was very sure. "It is only the style that I wish to know about. The ideas are there all right. I know all about that myself. You needn't pay any attention to the thought. Just take a look at the style."

"It would be a bit difficult," she replied quietly, "to criticise the style without considering what it is trying to say."

It gave him pause, but only for an instant. Then he brushed it aside. "Oh, that's all right," he said; "I know that this thing is going to make a hit. You can't tell me anything about that."

"Then that is quite settled. And what more can you ask?"

"Well, I want to be sure that I am getting at things in the best way. It's a great book all right and I give it to them hard. But you just look at the style. This part is in shape now. I have worked over it a long time and no one has ever done anything like it."

Manifestly there was no escape. As calmly as might be, the editor faced the guns. It was jerky, it was labored, it tried too hard to be epigrammatic. And these things, having been asked for frankness, she gradually and as gently as possible displayed. They brought him up suddenly. "Oh, well, you know," he said quickly, "this is unfinished. I just dashed it off. Of course it needs polishing."

"Yes, but I doubt if you can write a convincing argument in epigrams."

He jumped up in his excitement. "I don't want to tell them everything. I just want to hammer it in. It's going to be great. I'll make them wince. You see!"

"Yes, but you should really compromise a little with ignorance. The great public that buys books would like to know what you are driving at."

But he went out with an undaunted spirit. And after all, ineffective as it seemed, it was the spirit of youth and daring, the spirit that often carries a man on to success. The vision of it left the drifting editor wondering at the courage of these latter-day knights who know not the strength of their foes. One watches them as they go glittering forth, with a kind of ache at the heart. The prizes are so few, the uncertainties so sure, the difficulties so pitifully many.

The Way to Learn

What can one do to help? Every day the question confronts the editor. Every day he does what he can, leaving its solution to a rosier future. There is no adequate training for the novelist. Literature is not accepted as a serious profession. The university courses in English composition are usually a side issue to the student, bitterly as he may regret the omission of them later. Yet, after all, training is quite futile without life and the intuitive knowledge of life. The only way for the novice to learn to write novels is to write and write, and pray for the courage to destroy what he writes. Through labor and sacrifice the alert imagination may gradually find its way.

It is not always with the acceptance of a manuscript that the editor's responsibility ceases. The author becomes a kind of ward, for whose conduct the publisher feels a measure of responsibility. There is a desire to justify his opinion. In a way he, too, is in the dock with his discovery. If the book fails, it is his failure in more than a financial sense. He tries, therefore, to make it as good as it can be made—and the day of the author's suffering is at hand. It takes a strong man to stand by while the surgeons operate upon his child. There are, of course, preliminary consultations, and remedies are often tried. Sometimes the author is himself requested to change a scene or add an episode, and in many cases this treatment is effective. The little book is launched much as its author had created it. It takes on a life of its own and goes spinning out into the world to fame or forgetfulness.

Then comes the question of introducing the book to a singularly shy and reluctant public. And in regard to this, authors have many ideas that vary from dignity to melodrama. Generally they permit the publisher to have his own course and handle the book in his own way. But at times they are only too gallant in their offers of assistance.

"The book ought to make a hit," said an energetic young writer, whose manuscript had just emerged triumphant from the fiery ordeal. "It will certainly make a hit if it is properly pushed."

What Advertising Will Do

"I hope so, I'm sure," the editor answered. "But you never can tell about those things. It is all a gamble."

"I don't see how this can fail," he protested with emphasis. He was [illegible] an egotist, but now that the thing had gone so far he allowed himself a moment of expansion. "Everyone is interested in that kind of thing now. And there's Florence Montmorency—she's sure to be popular."

"We believe in it, of course, or we should not have taken it up," she answered. "It has a dash about it that is very taking. But you must not count too much upon the public."

"Oh, they'll come round, I know, if the thing is advertised. It all depends on that with a book like this. You can't let them forget it."

But the book itself must have something in it that the crowd wants, or it will not listen to such shouting. If it connects, we are safe. If it doesn't, nothing we can do will really change the current. We must start it, we must introduce it, we must give it a chance. But after that it all depends on the book."

He adapted himself excitedly to this position. "That's it," he agreed. "We must give it a flying start. I know a lot of people who write for the press and it might be a good idea to send them a letter about it. I can reach a good many papers in one way or another. My brother was a newspaper man in the South for many years and they all know him down there. Then a cousin of mine is a great friend of the managing editor of the New York Chronicle and he would certainly do something for the book."

The editor was growing a bit languid. He went on and discovered uncles who had hunted with certain Iowa editors, friends who wrote for prosperous journals in their youth, brothers who had met influential correspondents while traveling abroad. His resources were astonishing. The editor was impressed.

Finally she broke in upon his rhapsody. "That is all very well," she said, "and a personal interest in a writer sometimes makes one take up his book more quickly. But often it produces quite a different effect. A man who has known you as a child cannot believe that you are really grown-up enough to do anything. The ordinary acquaintance thinks that you are a very good fellow, but when it comes to writing a real book he has his doubts. So if he feels that you expect something of him in the way of a notice, he puts off the responsibility of an opinion as long as possible. Haven't you ever discovered that feeling in yourself? Influence counts for less than one thinks. The critic who is worth while does not like to feel that it is being used against him. He is too independent to enjoy having his opinion discounted in advance."

At the last all these perplexing questions lead up inevitably to the problem of the author's personality. Sometimes he needs editing quite as distinctly as his novel. And it is a task which requires a very dexterous blue pencil. Perhaps he has lived too closely within himself, perhaps he needs a larger outlook and sharper contact with people, or it may be that it is his own environment and his own neighbors that have been overlooked. If he has talent these things are important. If he has something to say, he should be given an opportunity to say it and every encouragement to say it well. Even here the editor finds that the microbe of criticism is in the blood. One cannot escape the desire to enlarge these opportunities, to correct the outlook, to show to the artist other worlds that may be conquered. It is not only in novels that the building up of character is absorbing. If one could only be an artist in life, if one could only work in men and women, in ideas and fancies, as another man works in oils, what perfect things one might make of these incomplete, unsatisfied, discordant creatures—and how dull they would immediately become!

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

THE NEW CATTLE LANDS—Changes in methods of feeding may make the South rival the West.

BASING their prophecy upon the adaptability of the cassava, scientists who have been conducting a series of experiments in the South predict that the South Atlantic and Gulf States will soon develop a stock-raising boom that will land them in the front ranks of the great hog and cattle producing regions of the world

In experiments made, emaciated cows that had foraged for scant winter food in pine forests were given a ration of the meal of sun-dried cassava root for seventy-five days. In that period they made a gain of over sixty per cent in weight. The cost of the live weight produced by feeding cassava was one cent a pound, and the profit made in fattening beef was 59.10 per cent. As hundreds of thousands of acres in many parts of the South peculiarly adapted to cassava are as yet undeveloped, and as experiments now prove that this prolific plant will grow from North Carolina to the Mexican border, a not unwarranted confidence exists that a new era is at hand in the stock raising industry of the country

The revelations made in fattening hogs with cassava were equally significant. Fed on this tuber, these animals in seventy-five days made a gain of ninety-five per cent. in weight; which was thirty-six per cent. more than hogs fed on corn during the same period The cost of cassava for the seventy-five days was $5 52, and of the corn $18 07. The average cost of the gain in live weight in hogs when fed on cassava was one cent a pound Official experiments in feeding hogs with corn in Alabama showed that the cost of the gain in weight was three and one-half cents a pound, in Massachusetts two and four-fifth cents a pound; in Vermont three and sevententh cents

Properly used, the agricultural experts announce, cassava will be far more profitable than any other known crop which can be converted into hogs and hog products.

The latest census places the number of swine in the South Atlantic States at 5,082,321, and in the South Central States at 10,898,586. The total number of cattle is placed at 17,313,685. That these could all be brought into prime market condition by feeding cassava has been demonstrated in the experiments made

The Department of Agriculture believes that a new and enormous source of profit is opened to the entire South

The cassava has many other uses. It is prepared in several ways for the table, and its manufacture into starch is a growing industry.

SINBAD THE SAILOR'S ROC—Perhaps it is her egg that a New Jersey man has got from the Island of Madagascar.

THAT adventurous navigators in the Indian Ocean are making repeated trips to the Island of Madagascar to hunt for eggs that sell readily at the rate of from $6000 to $10,000 a dozen has been known to at least one man in the United States He is the Government oologist at the National Museum

A few weeks ago news was received at that institution that a man in New Jersey had obtained from a sea captain a monster egg which he would sell to the Government for $1500. It had been found in Madagascar, it was stated, was a foot and a half in circumference and nearly two feet long. It was said to be the largest egg ever discovered

The oologist who was called in for consultation said that the egg was doubtless that of the *Æpyornis titan*, a bird of the quaternary epoch, more gigantic even than the *Æpyornis maximus*. Negotiations were at once entered into with the owner of the egg, but inasmuch as the Government appropriation for fossil specimens is only $10,000 per annum, it was out of the question to expend fifteen per cent. of it on one egg

In the mean time the curator and oologist had communicated with a fellow scientist in Paris who had also been keeping track of the excavations in Madagascar. Through him it was learned that several of these gigantic eggs had been found, and that they were quoted on the paleontological market at the rate of from 30,000 to 50,000 francs a dozen.

A few days ago the National Museum succeeded in getting an enormous specimen at Paris for a little less than 2000 francs, which is about $100 below the current quotations on single æpyornis eggs. The circumference of the specimen is said to be even greater than the one owned in New Jersey

The æpyornis egg which the Government has purchased in Paris will soon be on its way to this country. It is to be exhibited at the World's Fair at St. Louis. The egg of the humming-bird, of the ostrich and of this monster creature will be ranged side by side

Scientists believe that the Government had a bargain in its æpyornis egg at less than 2000 francs. The prediction that the discovery of additional eggs will tend to increase rather than lower the price is based on the growing value of eggs of the great auk Although this bird was a pygmy in comparison, and has been extinct less than sixty years—Audubon having seen one in 1844—its eggs are worth $2000 apiece. There are about eighty known specimens

It is held that the possibility of obtaining the egg of the æpyornis, which is believed by some writers to be the roc mentioned in the Arabian Nights, and long thought to be fabulous, will stimulate governments and private collectors to bid eagerly for the eggs Explorers are now at work in Madagascar ransacking the likely grounds for additional specimens

A further interesting fact in regard to recent explorations in Madagascar is that enough bones of this great bird have been found to enable paleontologists to form a more definite conception than ever before of its size. A section of the tibio-tarsus nearly one hundred centimetres in length, a section of a mandible one hundred and seventy millimetres long, portions of the skull and other bones confirm scientists in their estimates that the æpyornis towered above the dinornis. A skeleton of the latter in the National Museum shows that it was bigger than the modern horse. That the *Æpyornis maximus* was still bigger and that the *Æpyornis titan*, whose egg is the most amazing thing in oology, was even more gigantic than its enormous kindred is proved by these recent discoveries

AN AID TO BUILDERS—The government is preparing test tables of building woods for the use of architects and engineers.

A STUDY of the relative strengths of wood is at present engaging the attention of Government experts, who are employing for the purpose a huge machine which may be described as a combination of a jack-screw and a pair of scales. A beam about the size of a piece of small scantling is put into the apparatus, and, by the operation of a screw mechanism, pressure is brought to bear upon it in the middle until it breaks in two. The exact amount of the pressure required, in pounds, is automatically registered, and thus is obtained an accurate determination of the breaking strength of the wood.

Not only the breaking strength, but also the tensile resistance of various kinds of woods is being tested in the manner described. The beam—of oak, pine or what not—is seized at its two ends by a pair of steel claws, which pull and pull until the piece of timber is actually jerked apart, its fibres separating in the middle. Just as in the other case, the amount of power used is registered on the scale-beam, and the figures are transferred to a table

One fact already ascertained is that an average stick of wood, which when green contains thirty-three per cent. of water, loses at least twenty-two per cent. in drying, or "seasoning." Incidentally to the process it nearly doubles in strength. Generally speaking, it is found that a stick is strong in proportion to its weight, and it is safe to suppose that a heavy piece of wood possesses greater strength than a like piece from the same kind of tree. On the other hand, the oaks are so eccentric in this respect, their wood being of an exceedingly complicated and unusual structure, that the rule quoted does not hold with them

Architects and engineers, in dealing with woods, are obliged to make a certain allowance for "steady stress," another for "varying stress," and another yet for "shocks." These factors are being figured out by the Government experts for various tree-stuffs, and additional experiments are being made to ascertain the relative inflammability of different woods, the comparative value of fire-retardents, and the usefulness of various preparations for preserving timber

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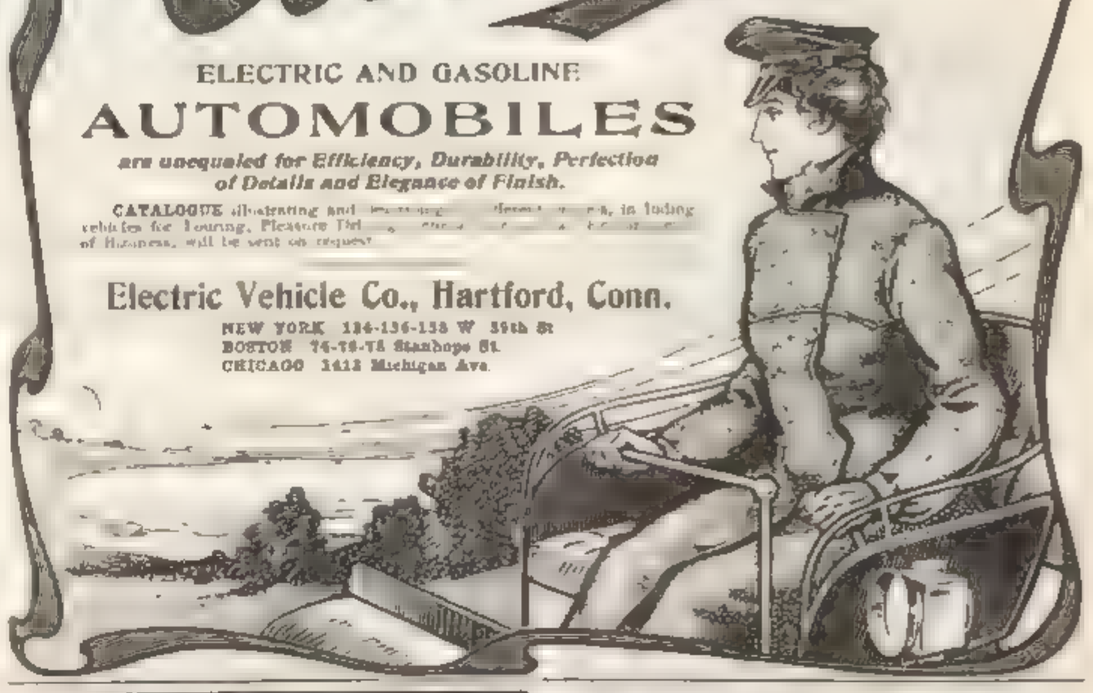

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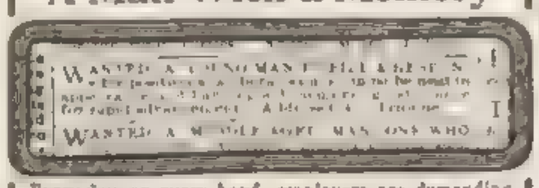

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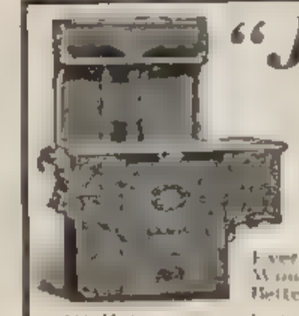

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The President's Daughter

(Continued from Page 11)

should pass the point. Above the peaks the stars glittered and high in the sky the moon shot a path of clear light down the river itself. The camp-kettles steamed constantly and coffee strong enough to ballast eggs and primed with unusual cordials was passed every hour among the hundreds along the track.

In the lower yard at Sleepy Cat the pilot train was being made ready and the clatter of switching came into the cañon. From still farther came the barking exhaust of the first-train engine waiting for orders for the cañon run.

Glover, pacing the narrow bench below the camp, returned again to the operator's table and in the light of the lantern wrote a message to Medicine Bend. When it had been sent he up-ended an empty spike keg and, sitting down before the fire, got his back against a rock and gave himself to his thoughts. Men straggled back and forth but none disturbed him. Some, in turn, fed the fire, some rolled themselves in their blankets and lay down to sleep, but his eyes were lost all the while in the leaping blaze.

A volleying signal of the locomotive whistles roused him. He looked at his watch and stepped to the verge of the ledge. Toward Sleepy Cat a headlight was slowly rounding the first curve. The pilot train was coming and below where he stood he could see green lights swinging. The locomotive of the work-train was at the hind-end and the road-masters, standing on the first flat-car, were signaling. Mauls were ringing at the last spikes when the head flat moved cautiously out on the new track.

Car after car approached, every second one bearing a flagman resignaling to the cab as the train took the short curves of the cañon and, entering the gorge, rolled slowly beneath the Cat's Paw over the prostrate granite.

The trackmen parted only long enough to give way to the advancing cars. The locomotive steamed gingerly along. In the gangway stood a small, broad-hatted man, Morris Blood. He waved his lantern at Glover and Glover caught up a hand-torch to swing an answering greeting.

Down the uncertain track could be seen at reassuring intervals the slow green lights of the track foremen swinging "all's well." The deepening drum of the steaming engine as it entered the gorge walls, the frequent hissing check of the air as the powerful machine restrained her moving load and the straining of the injectors was music to the tired listener above. Then, looming darkly behind the tender, surprising the onlookers, even Glover himself, came the real train. Not till the roadbuilders heard the heavy drop of the big cars on the new rail-joints could they realize that the first train of fruit was already crossing the break.

Ten minutes afterward Bucks, who was with Mr. Brock in the directors' car, had the news in a message. The manager had agreed to have Glover present for the supper, which was now waiting, and for some time messengers and messages passed from the Brock special to the cañon. It was not until twelve o'clock that they learned definitely in a message from Morris Blood that Glover had torn his hand slightly in handling powder and had gone to Medicine Bend to get it dressed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE DIET OF BIRDS

By HAROLD BOLCE

EVERY person in the United States who kills a bird is requested by the United States Government, not in a mandatory way, but as a matter of courtesy, to send the stomach and its contents to Washington. The cooperation of the American people is thus invoked that the scientists of the Bureau of Economic Ornithology may be enabled as soon as possible to examine hundreds of thousands of bird stomachs.

The Government's purpose is to secure comprehensive data on the diet of birds. At present there is a wide diversity of testimony and much dispute in regard to many varieties as to whether they are beneficial or injurious to agriculture. It is a matter of far-reaching economic interest that these questions be settled.

In the Government's request is embodied no authority to disregard existing prohibitive laws, but it is hoped that bird stomachs may be secured from hunters in the field, from ornithologists having permits to shoot birds for scientific purposes, and from farmers and others who kill certain unprotected species believed in some localities to do more harm than good.

A bird's relation to farming industries can be determined only by trustworthy information in regard to its food habits, and that data cannot be obtained satisfactorily by watching, even though the observer be a skilled ornithologist. Painstaking examination of the contents of the bird's throat, crop and stomach must be made.

In sending bird stomachs to Washington, methods of preparation and shipment are important. Under certain conditions, stomachs may be sent safely by mail. They should be first kept about ten days in alcohol and then drained a few hours. The next step is to wrap them in paper or cloth and place them, carefully labeled, in a small tin box, such as a common spice box. They are now ready for mailing.

If the sender knows the Latin name of the bird, it is preferable that it accompany the stomach. That, however, is not indispensable, but it is necessary that a distinctive name be given. Terms like blackbird or swamp blackbird, common woodpecker, thrush and ground sparrow, are insufficient, as these names all cover a variety of species. Where the sender is uncertain as to the true name of the bird killed, it is advisable to send head, wings and tail in an envelope. This cooperation of the people with the Federal authorities will bring immediate results of economic value, for farmers will be apprised by correspondence, without delay, concerning the food habits of the bird submitted.

What the trained laboratory ornithologists discover in bird stomachs is amazing. Some birds are found to have an enormous capacity for the seed of noxious weeds, thus greatly restraining the spread of these pestilent plants. The crop of a dove killed in a rye field at Warner, Tennessee, disclosed seventy-five hundred seeds of yellow sorrel (*Oxalis stricta*). A botanist in California was trying to secure a big collection of the seeds of turkey mullein (*Croton setigerus*). Not progressing rapidly in his work, the botanist, encountering an ornithologist, asked if the latter could direct him to a field where these weeds could be found in abundance. The bird man, in reply, directed the botanist to shoot a dove and examine its crop. This was done and a complete collection of the seeds of the weed was secured. Such exhibits are being urged to secure increased protection for doves in localities where they are now in disfavor for the occasional grain they consume.

Along the same line, efforts are being made to prevent the killing for their food value of the yellow-shafted flicker (*Colaptes auratus*), the northern flicker (*C. auratus luteus*) and the red-shafted flicker (*C. cafter*). These birds live mainly on destructive ants. A flicker's stomach under microscopic examination sometimes shows that over three thousand of these insects have helped to constitute its day's diet. May beetles, snapping beetles, carabids, predaceous ground beetles and grasshoppers often complete a flicker's daily banquet.

Scientists of the Bureau of Economic Ornithology say that if they could obtain even one-half the stomachs prepared every year by taxidermists and collectors, they would have at hand the necessary data to settle many important disputes in regard to the value of birds. Bird lovers are sanguine in the belief that these projected examinations on a large scale will result in a complete exoneration of many species now widely regarded as injurious and accordingly slaughtered without restraint.

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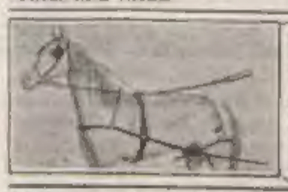

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UNCLE FESSENDEN'S BEAR HUNT

(Concluded from Page 5)

over in another three jiffies. Now, too, above that bedlam o' bear music there was another *bang*, and a third, and again a fourth. Then, for maybe five seconds, there was quiet.

"'Come out!' we yelled; 'blame you, why don't you come out?'

"But the answer we got was another *whoof*, and another beller twice as loud as the first! Then there was a clapper-clawin' an' tusslin' an' tumblin' as if bear an' man were cleanin' up the den with each other by turns. The .44 began to let go again, but the snorts an' snarls were comin' faster'n the explosions. It was a hullaballoo like to split the walls, and the powder smoke whirled puffin' out to us as if there wa'n't room for it inside!

"I was on hands an' knees an' just pushin' in, when for a second time the thing come to a stop. And then Fessenden shoved out to us again, at last!

"And a most desp'rit lookin' object he was, too! His coat was tore half off him. He was bloodied up *an'* down from a rip across his forehead and another on his left hand. And he looked as if he'd just been a-wallowin' in the dirt. Mighty Guns! though, if ever there was a man lifted up! Yet at first the expression on his face was somethin' I couldn't get a grip of at all.

"But Miss Bob had got her grip on his *neck*—and I sh'd say the huggin' he got then was even more vigorous than what he'd just come away from!

"He loosed her hold in time, though, and pullin' his dignity about him—'Well, now, boys,' he gasps, 'I did act hasty in goin' in theh—foh I had a leetle trouble, *afteh* all!'

"'Yes!' I shouted, 'it looks as if you'd had! Maybe you'll believe it when you're told a new-killed bear ain't dead, next time!'

"'Oh, *that* beah!' he says, startin' to dust off his clothes—'*that* felleh! Now, I was clean fohgettin' about *him* altogetheh! He—he *was* dead—of *co'se* he was!'

"'And do you mean to tell us you killed *another* in there?'

"'Killed anotheh? He! he! Killed anotheh?' And he began settin' his collar to rights. 'Yes, seh, I killed anotheh. But the *next* one was the felleh I had the trouble with.'

"'The *next* one! And there was another one after *that*?'

"'Why, yes, sutainly theh was! You don't reckon I made all that botheh with *one* beah, sho'ly? But it was nothin', nothin' at all! I *was* a leetle afeahed, though, that if theh weh any *mo'* of 'em I might have to *fight* foh it. Foh I'd used up all my ca't'idges, seh.'

"When we'd got our bearin's and the use of our senses again we went in after the slaughtered victims. The cave was a reg'lar three-room house, but they filled it. Not one of them would go under two hundred and fifty; and if that ain't Kadiak weight, for black bears it's hefty, now I tell you! We laid them out in a bleedin' row, and then we had our paralysis all over again.

"'Sho!' says Fessenden, cuddlin' in his girl, for she was shakin' yet. 'Sho! It may *look* conside'able. But I assuh you, exceptin' that I take it it's rare a man gets a chance to kill two beahs at once, theh's nothin' ext'o'dina'y about it whateveh. Let me illust'ate——'

"'Miss Fessenden,' breaks in George Kendrick, 'you let him illustrate all he wants to. But don't you ever let that old man of yours get any more of those chances! He's not rash and venturesome enough for bear-shooting—and if he ever did get his fill of it, they'd fight you on his life insurance!'

"McHasket had come in at noon that day, as we found out when we got home that night. And, settin' aside the paws an' steaks I fed them on for the rest of the week, the bear business stopped right there. But that desprit dare-devil of an Uncle Fessenden took back a couple of skins that he reckoned would make Miss Bob's room 'about the spohtin'est-lookin' gu'l's den in Chicago!'

"And whether the plentiful memories she must 'a' had of how he *got* them kept his stock down a whole lot with her is somethin' you can figger out for yourselves."

QUARANTINED

THE old doctor shook his head and looked grave. He was making an early morning call at the house of a wealthy resident of Los Angeles who lived in a handsome cottage in the suburbs. "The child clearly has smallpox," he said. "It promises to be a light case, but of course I must report it to the health officer." Then he went away and did so.

The health officer was young Doctor Tulkinghorne. When young Doctor Tulkinghorne was appointed he promised folks that he would do things. Disease was to be stamped out. So when he heard of the case of smallpox he bestirred himself without delay. Arriving at the house in question, he caught sight of a tramp coming around the side from the direction of the back door. "Hi, there, you fellow," called young Doctor Tulkinghorne, "you go back to the kitchen and stay there. Don't you dare to leave. This house is quarantined." The tramp peered up at the house and then down at himself for two or three minutes in deep thought and complied, evidently with the feeling that he could stand it if the house could. The able health officer went on in and made his official examination. Then, after declaring the house quarantined for four weeks, he said impressively to the head of the family: "Mr. Longworthy, there's a tramp in your kitchen who is also quarantined. If you let him escape you will be subject to a fine of $1000 and six months' imprisonment."

As the old doctor had predicted, the case of smallpox proved to be light; but the case of tramp was severe. Mr. Longworthy is a quiet man of studious tastes; he has the best collection of postage-stamps in Southern California. The attempt to confine the tramp to the kitchen proved futile. He was a tramp who had probably seen better days, though he apparently in the future never expected to see any better than these smallpox ones. As for the disease, it held no terrors for him, he having had it in the past. When the child became convalescent Mr. Longworthy would come into the sick-room and strive in a pathetic way for comfort and consolation from Mrs. Longworthy. One day he came in and sat down, and after making several attempts to lift himself by his own hair and finally (like Mr. Pocket) succeeding in raising himself out of his chair a few inches, he said:

"He's objecting to my cigars. Says he can't stand a Key West. Insists that I send out for a genuine Cuban."

"But suppose you won't send out?" asked Mrs. Longworthy.

"He threatens to escape. I've sent."

The day after, enter Mr. Longworthy again, and after giving an imitation of a man rending his garments says he:

"He says he can't stand our California claret. Please don't say a word! I've ordered some imported. He said he'd escape if I didn't."

Again cometh the head of the house, and as one distraught sayeth:

"My dear, if you *could* step down to the kitchen and see about the dessert before dinner! He says the cook's way of preparing the pudding sauce isn't *just* to his liking. You *must*. He's at the window ready to escape."

But at last the quarantine ended, the tramp departed and Mr. Longworthy began growing a new crop of hair to take the place of what he had torn out. Meeting another Road-worn Richard, the tramp said:

"Dey used me well enough in gen'ral, but I don't want no more of it in mine."

"Why?" inquires Richard.

"Him and the Doc forced me to it," returns the other with a shudder. "Dey locked me in. I held out for me rights for twenty-four hours without grub in that lonesome bath-room, den I give in and took it. No more quarantine for me!"

—*Hayden Carruth.*

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When he started the work the first thing he did was to get a long sheet of paper and to write at the head an order to deliver the magazine for four successive weeks. He got one of the most prominent men in the town to head the list. Then he covered the balance of the town with such success that all his boy friends were excited about it and wrote to the publishers asking to be appointed agents. But Master Duncan had thought this problem out for himself long before. He figured that they would not be apt to take chances on new boys to compete against him if he sold at the rate of 50 copies a week, so he wrote a letter requesting control of the whole town—"knew he could sell unassisted to everybody who would buy—wanted all other boys 'turned down.'" Said "he could beat all of them put together, anyway," and wound up by inclosing a cash deposit in payment for 50 copies a week for several months just to show that he "meant business."

The publishers complied with his request not to sell to other boys. Since then he has sold an average of 100 copies a week for almost a year. His town, lying in the copper country of the upper peninsula of Michigan, has been built five years and has less than a thousand inhabitants. He is ten years old. Like the grown-up "captains of industry," he got control of the trade and won out.

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